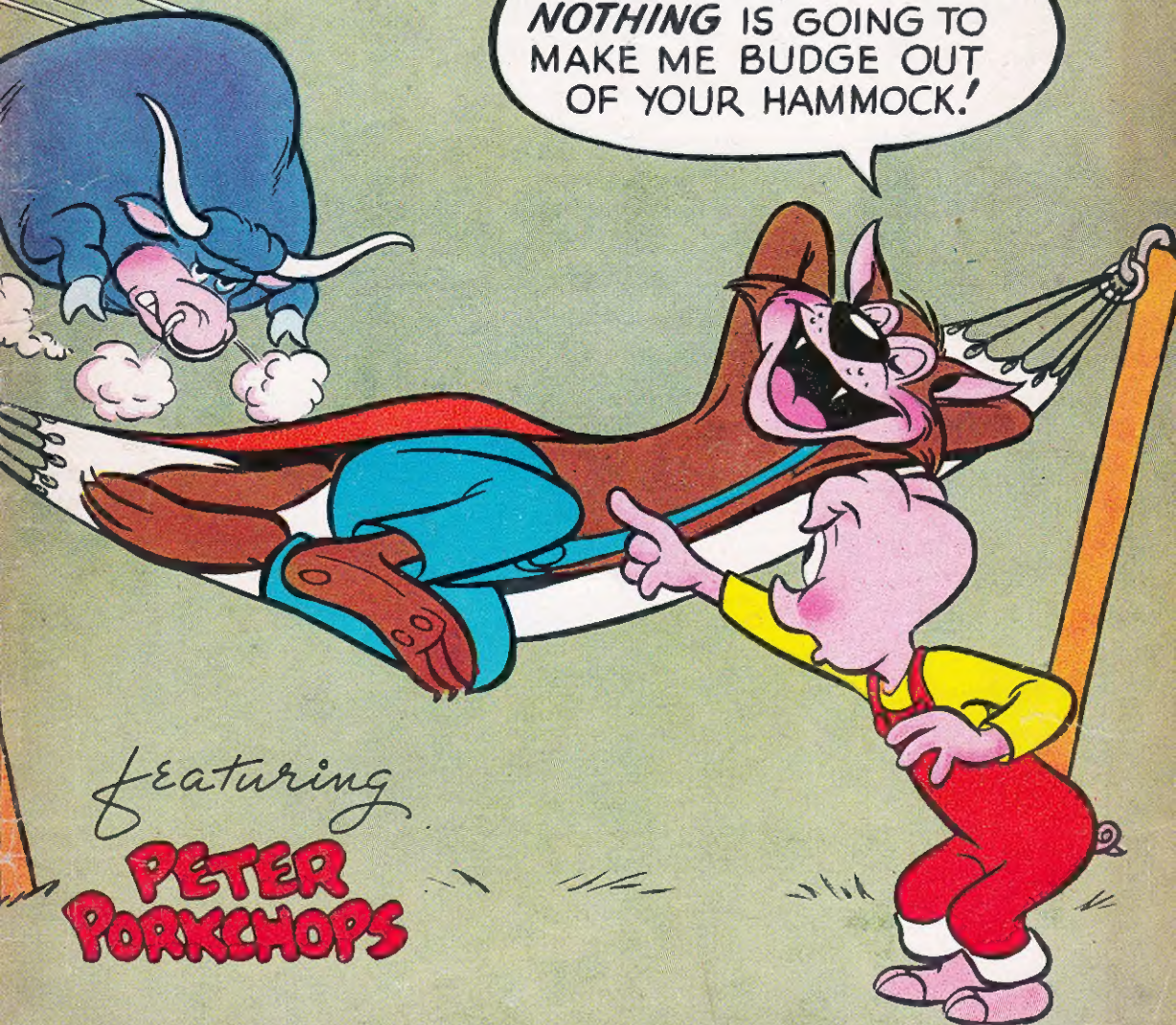


Leading

COMICS

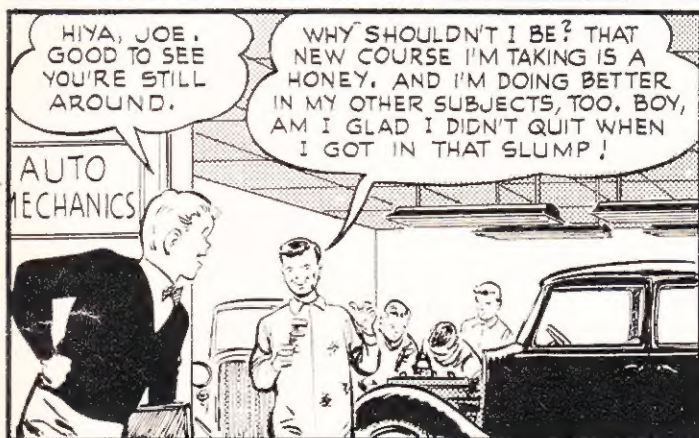
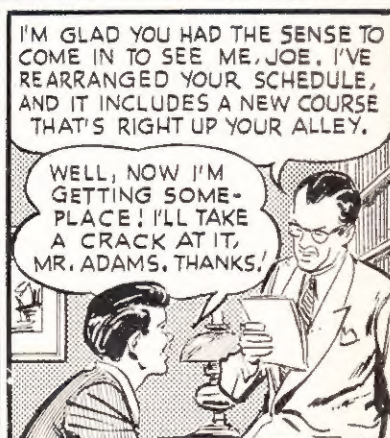
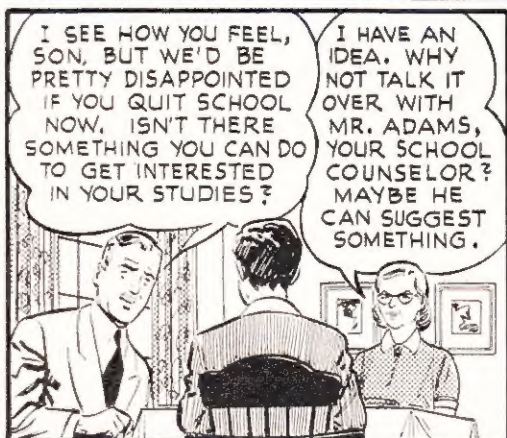
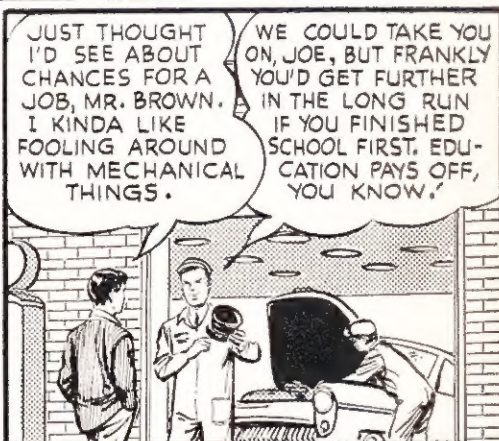
SCREEN

GET LOST, PETER!
NOTHING IS GOING TO
MAKE ME BUDGE OUT
OF YOUR HAMMOCK!



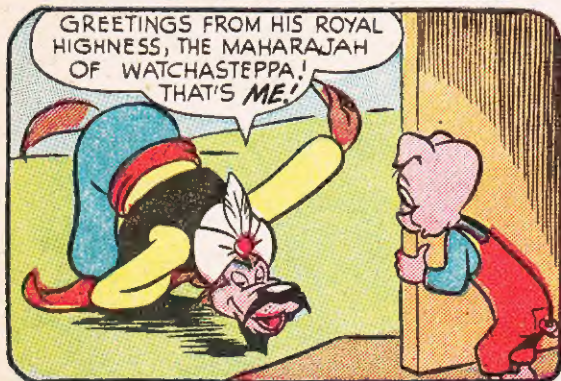
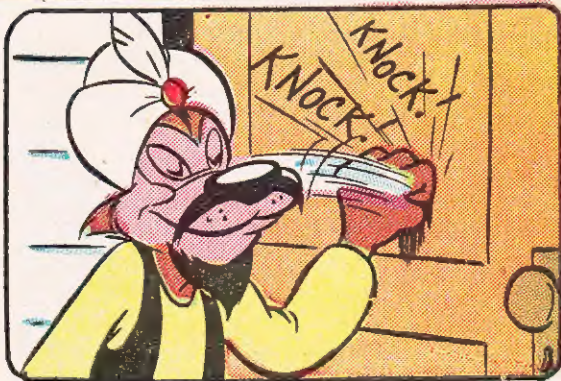
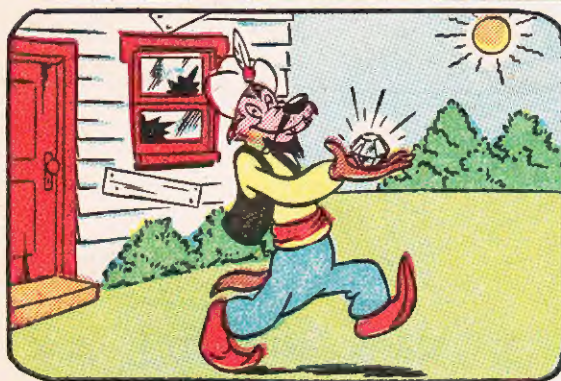
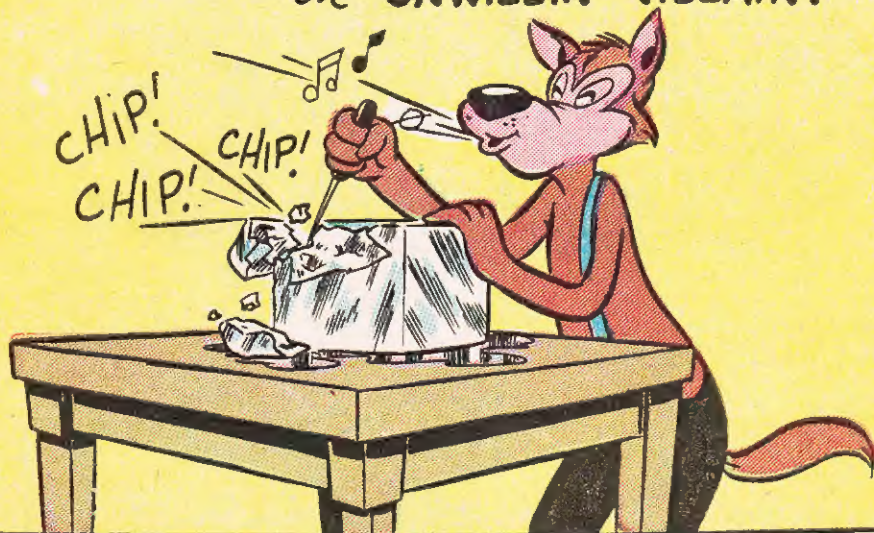
featuring
**PETER
PORKCHOPS**

BULLY *has the answer to* "SCHOOL BLUES!"



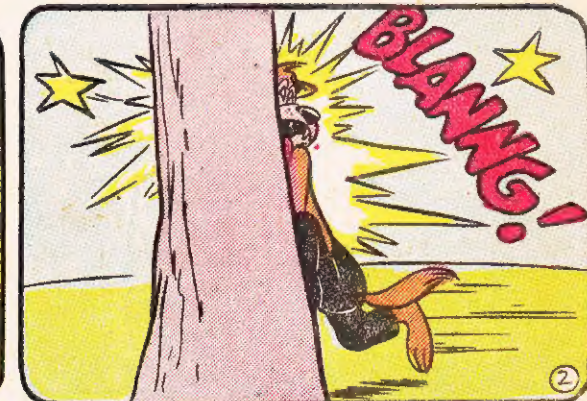
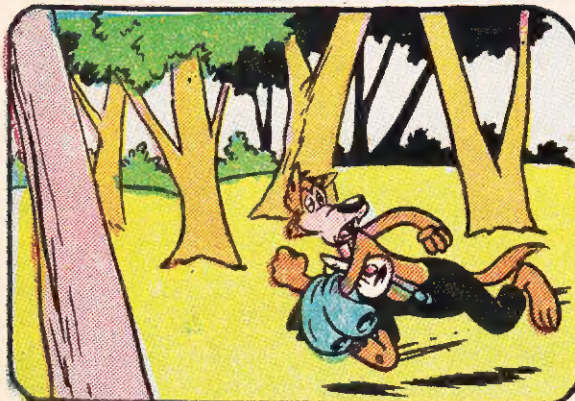
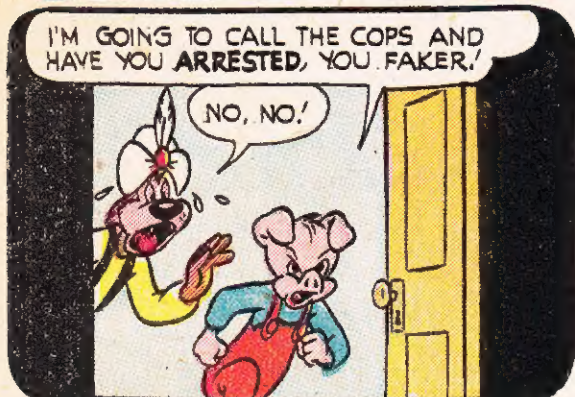
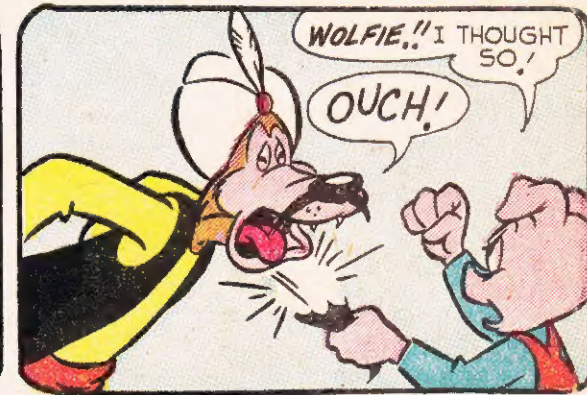
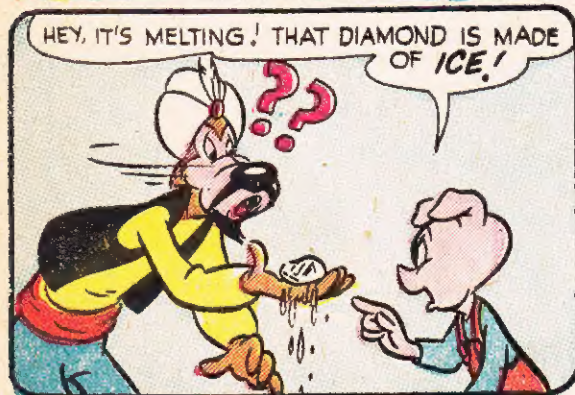
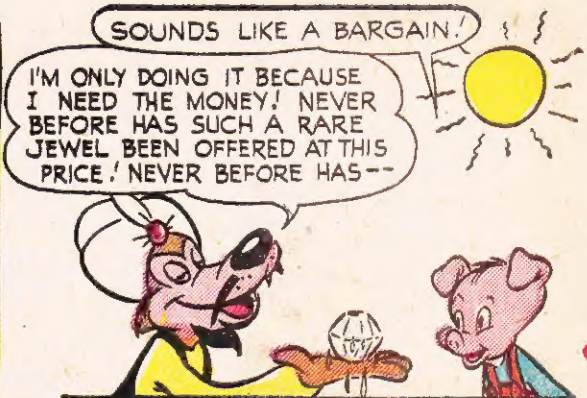
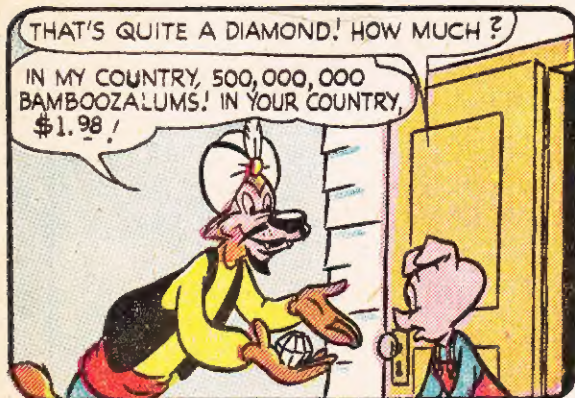
PETER PORKCHOPS

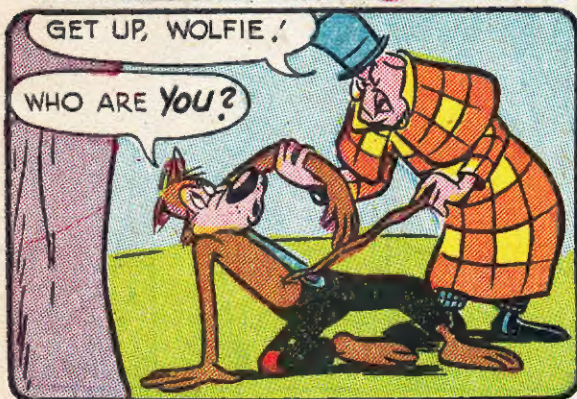
in "UNWILLIN' VILLAIN!"

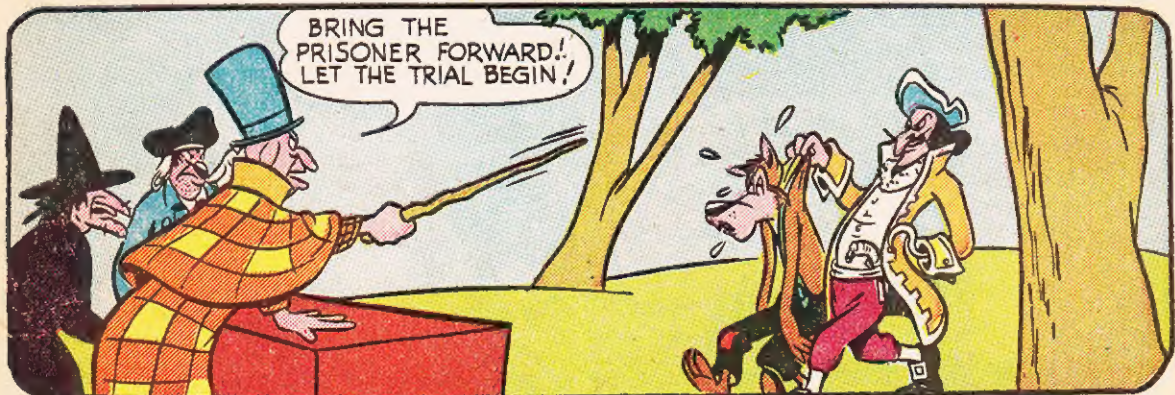
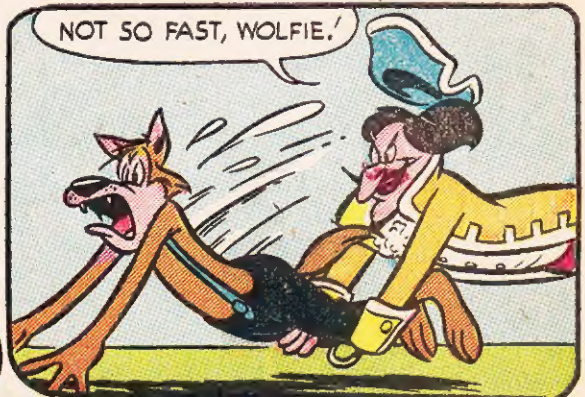


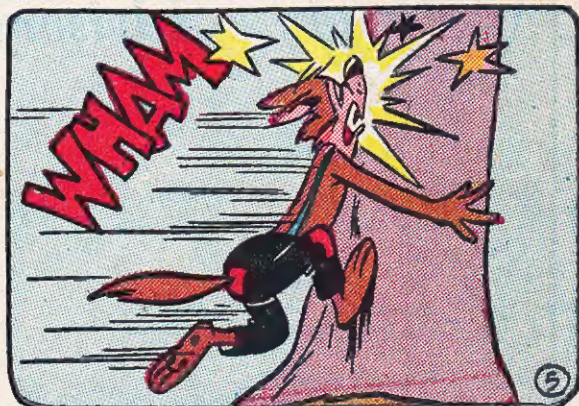
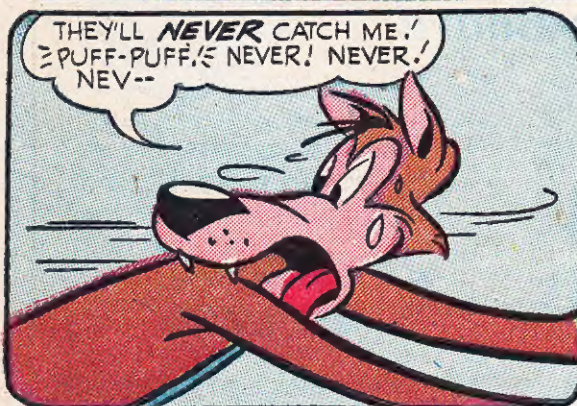
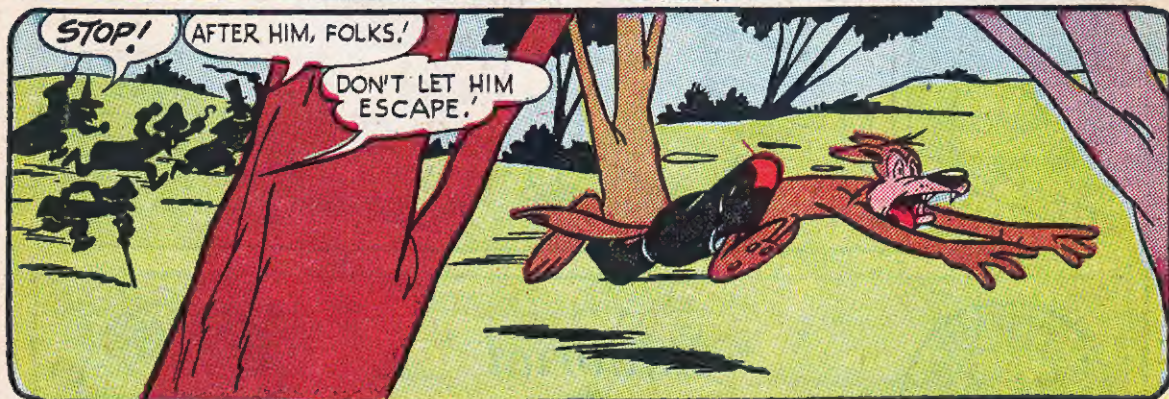
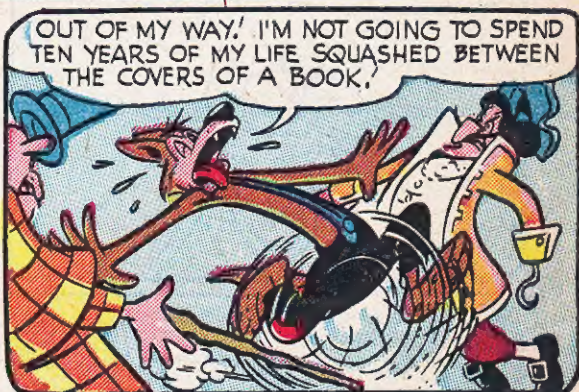
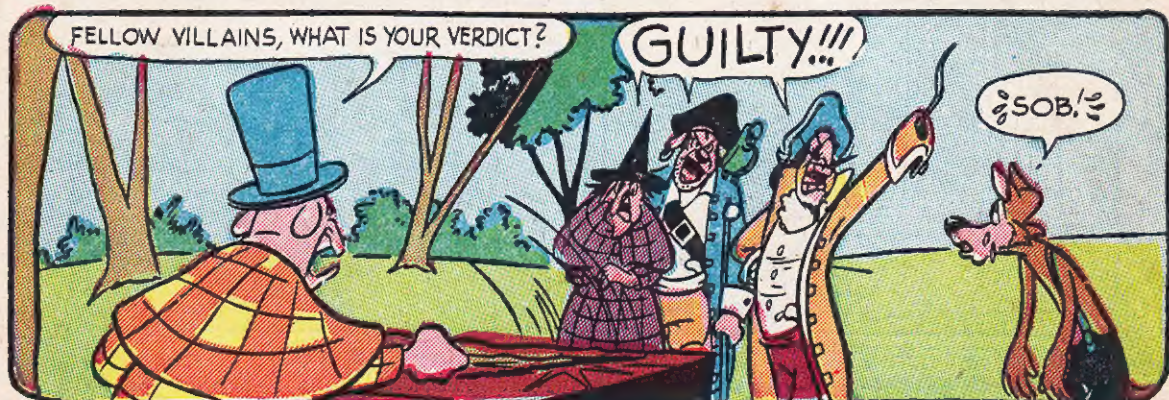
LEADING SCREEN COMICS, No. 71, October, 1954. Published monthly with the exception of Jan., May, July, and Nov., by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 480 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. REENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER DEC. 24, 1953 at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.00 including postage.

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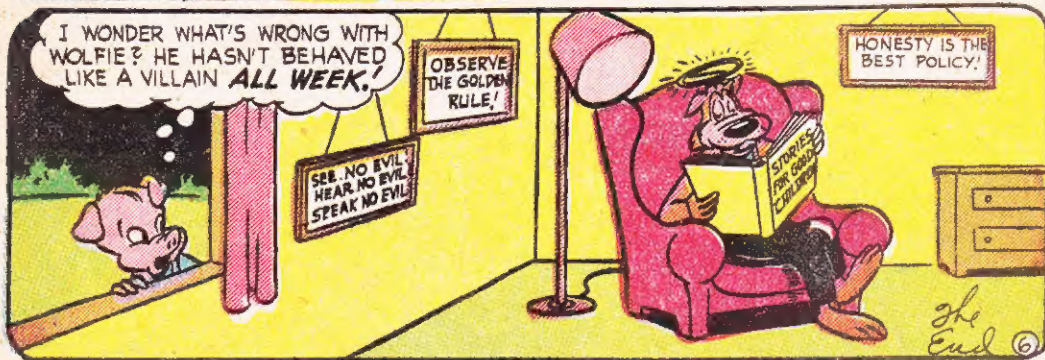








LEADING SCREEN COMICS



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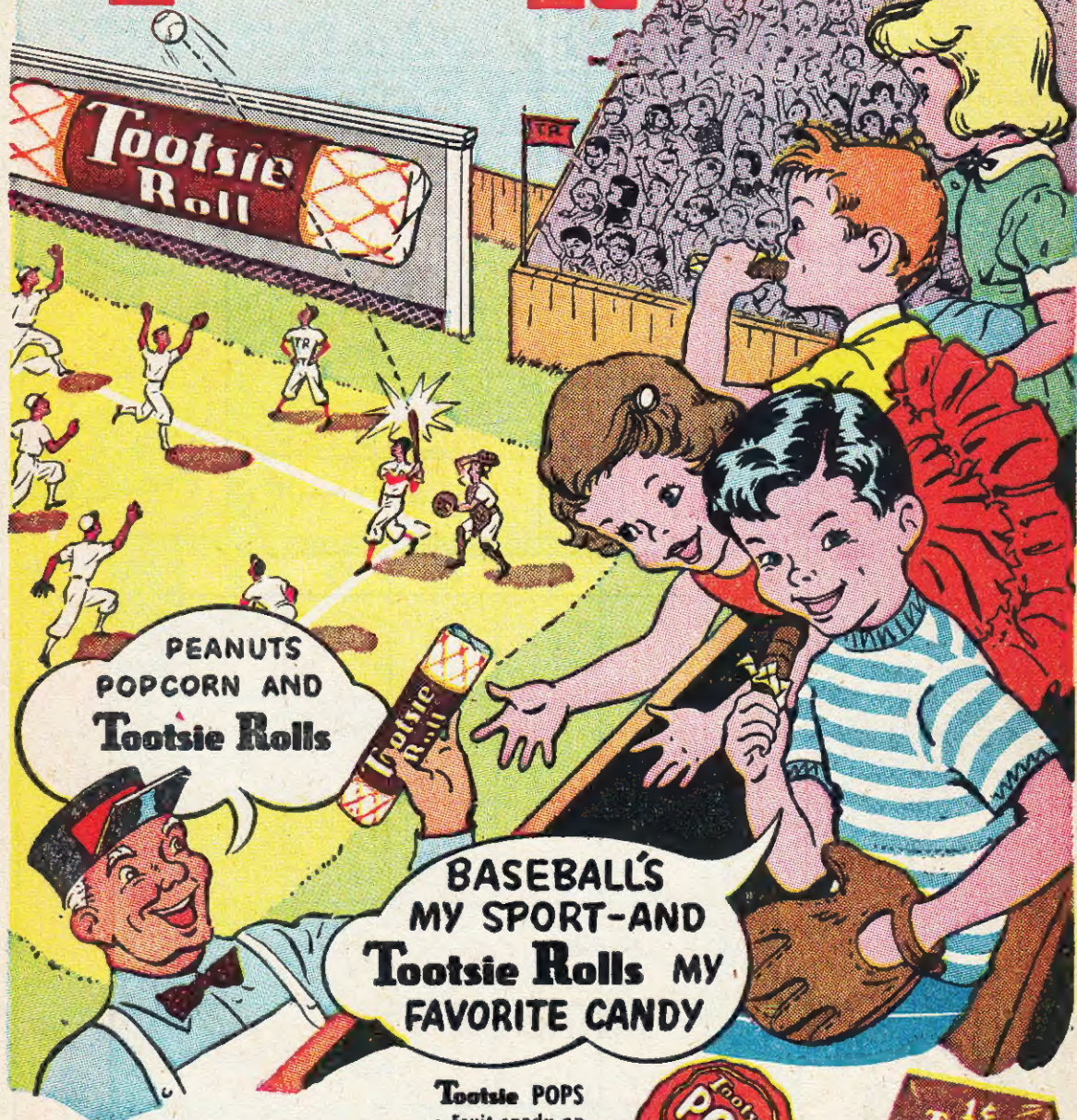
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Tootsie Roll



Yes, for baseball fans
and players, too!

Tootsie Rolls

... the All-American Champ of Candies

• CHOCOLATY

• TASTY

• LONG LASTING

Stays firm and fresh even on the hottest days.

At all candy counters — still only 5¢

Tootsie POPS

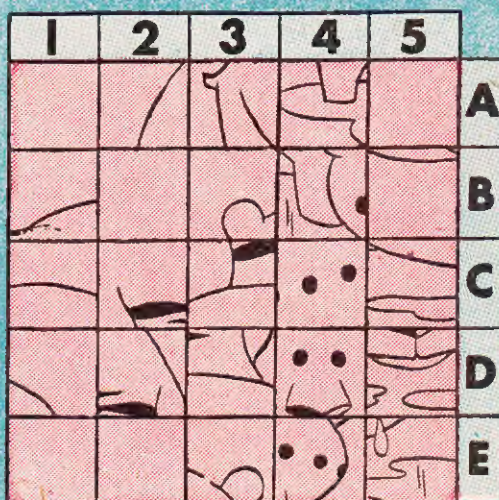
—Fruit candy on
the outside,
TOOTSIE ROLL in-
side. Two treats
for the price of
one — only 2¢.



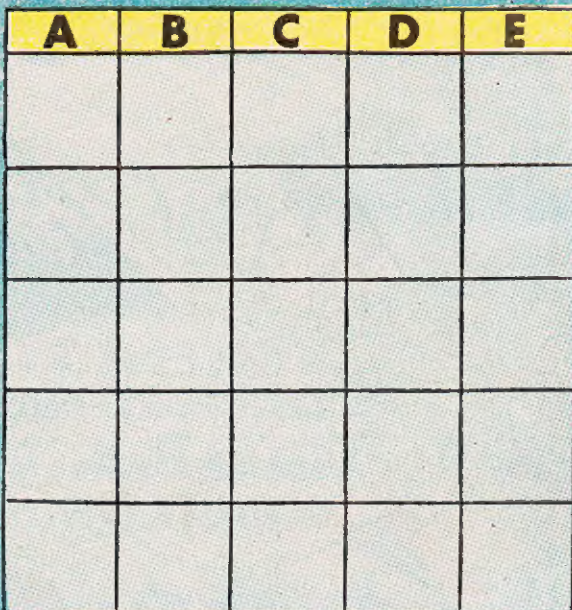
These delicious **Tootsie** CANDIES
are only 1¢ each.



Mickey **MARS** ... and his **SPACE ZOO!**



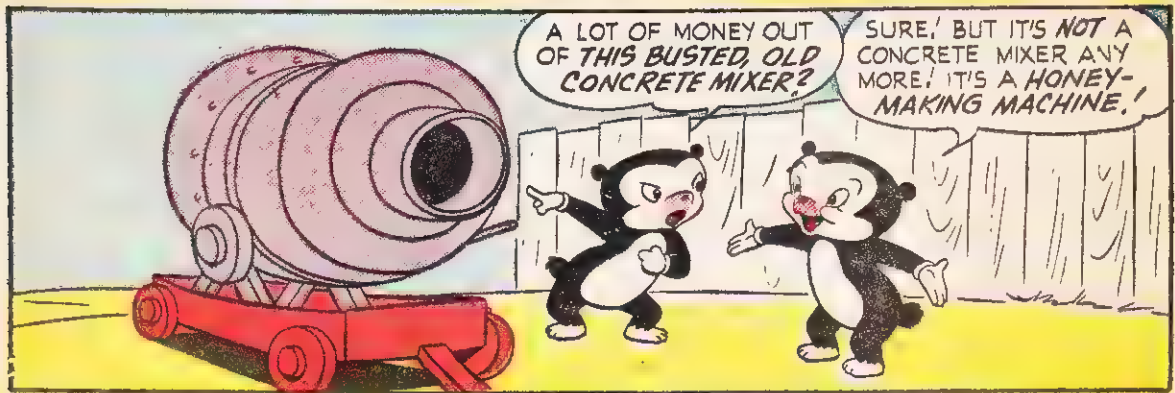
PANEL
1

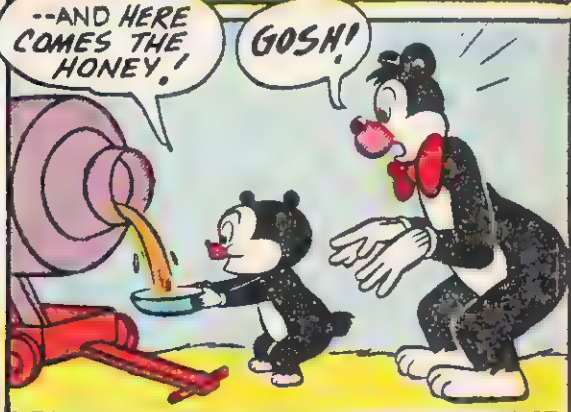
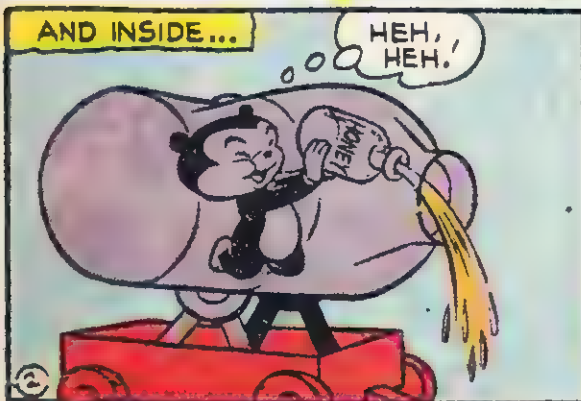
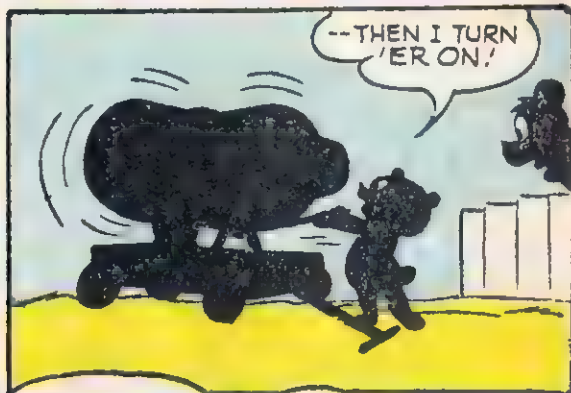
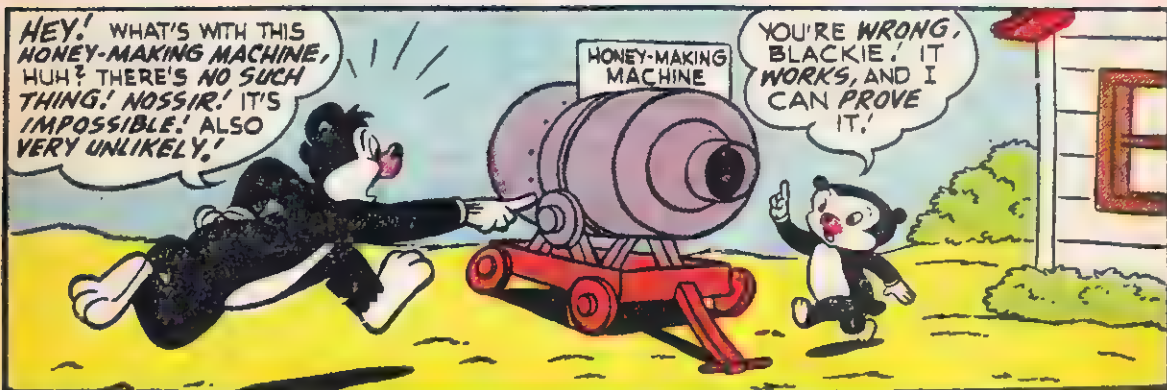
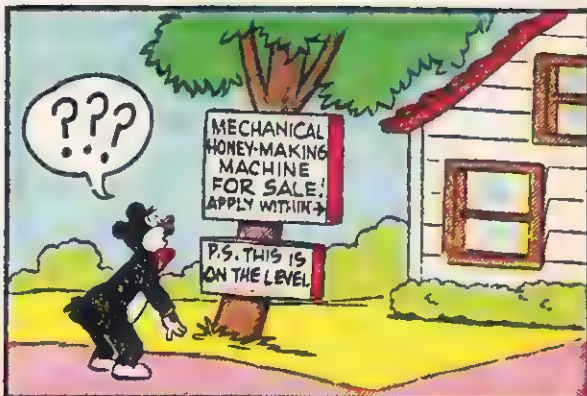


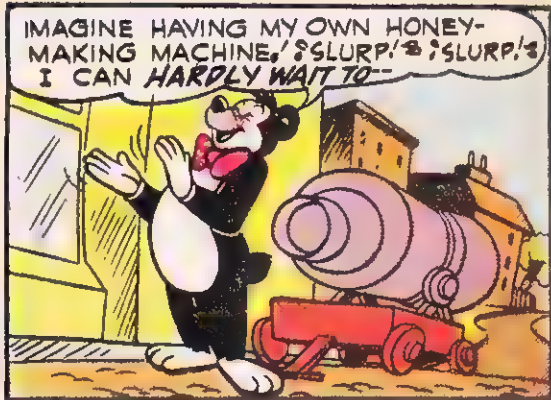
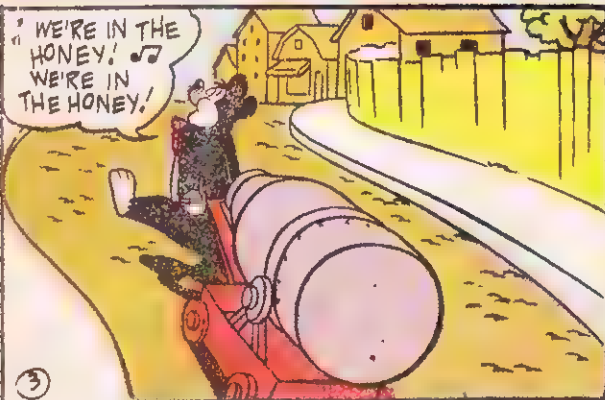
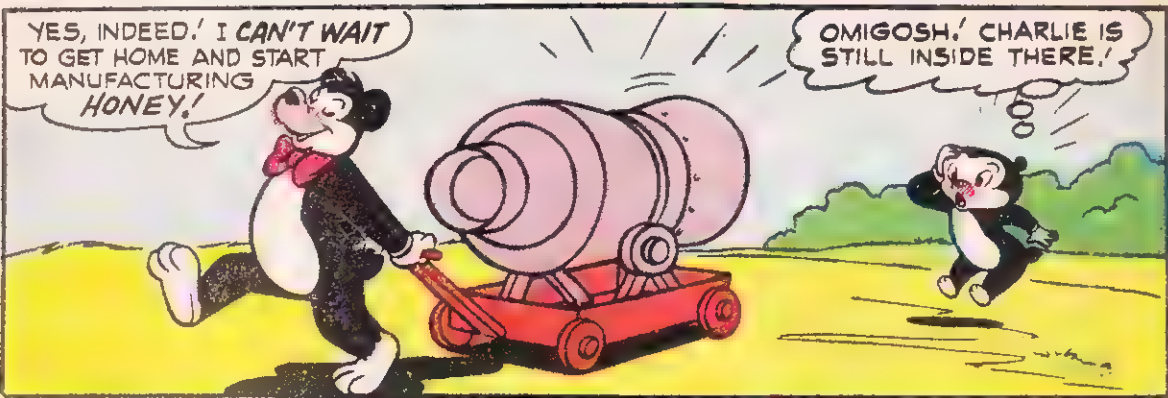
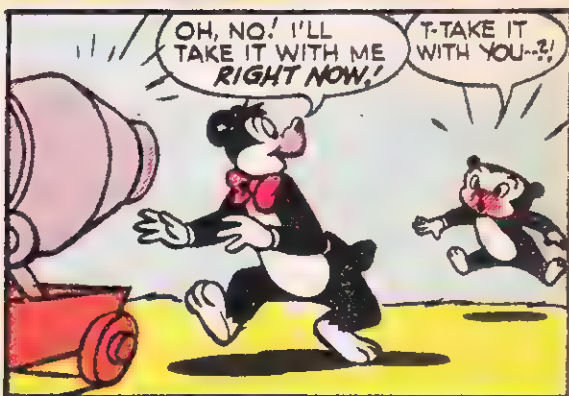
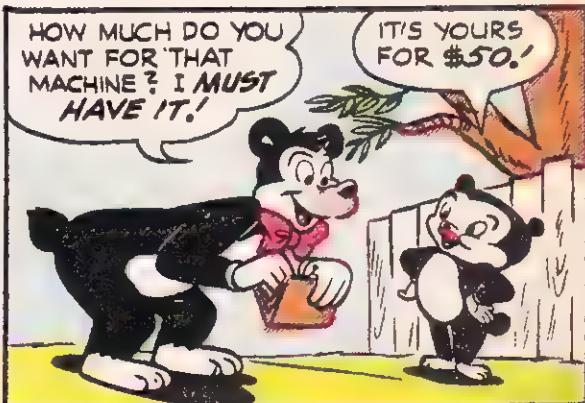
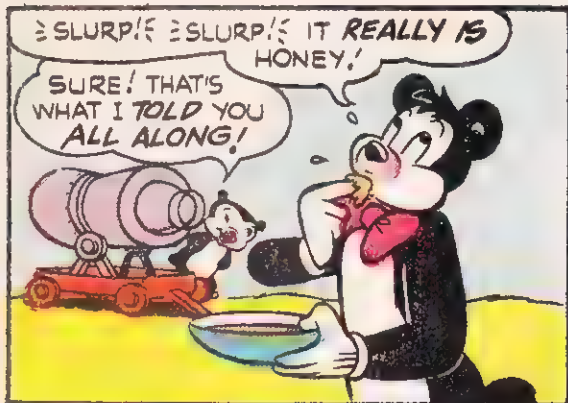
PANEL
2

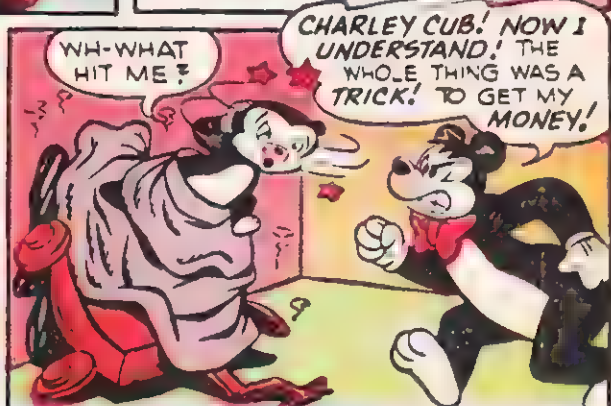
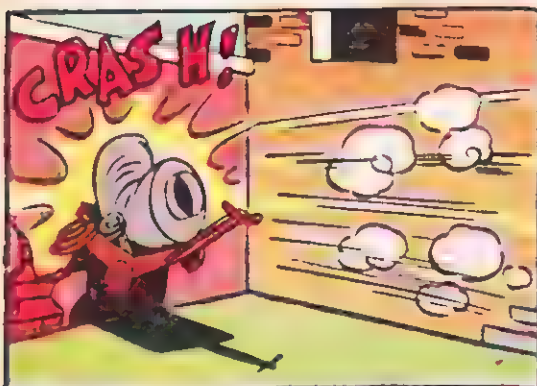
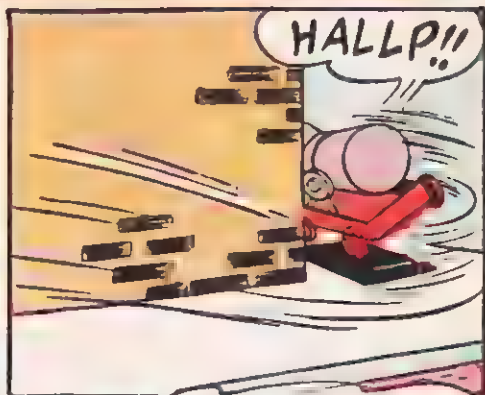
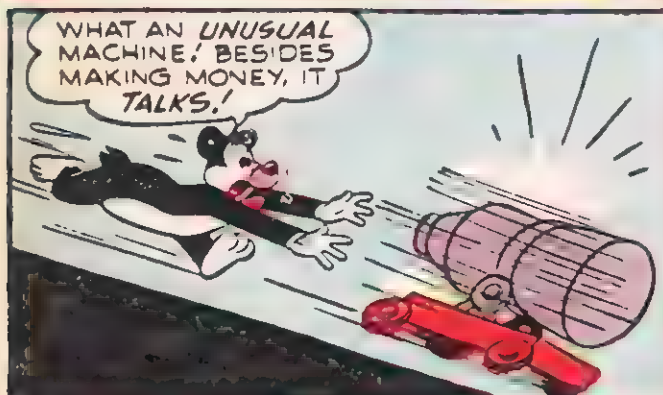
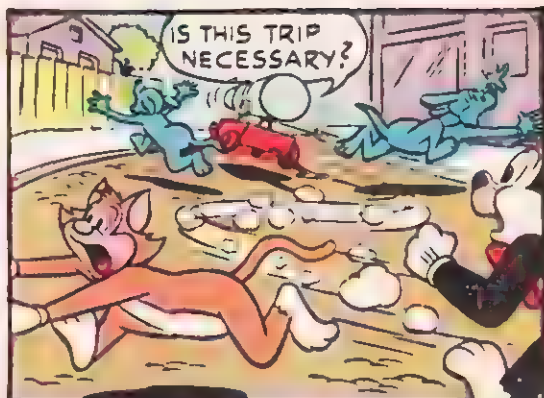
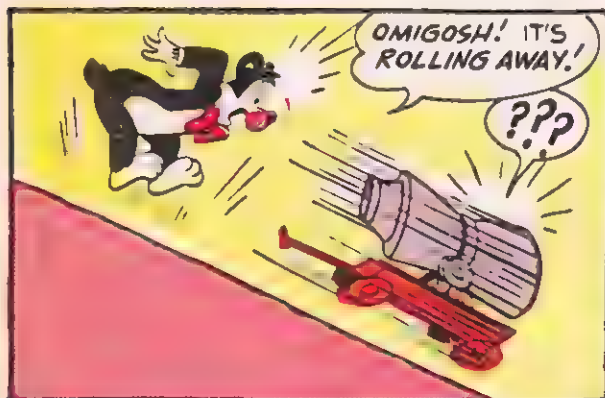
EIGHT BEADY EYES HAS
GLIPPETY GLEEPS...
HE SINKS KNEE-DEEP IN WATER
WHENEVER HE WEEPS.

EVERYONE LIKES TO DRAW, AND *THIS WAY... IT'S EASY!* YOU, TOO, CAN BE AN ARTIST AND DRAW A FANTASTIC SPACE ANIMAL FROM FAR OFF MARS. BEGINNING WITH **BOX 1A** IN **PANEL 1**, DRAW THE LINES YOU SEE THERE INTO **BOX 1A** IN **PANEL 2**. THEN DO THE SAME WITH **BOXES 1B, 1C,** AND SO ON, UNTIL THE TOP ROW IS COMPLETED. DRAW THE REMAINING ROWS IN THE SAME MANNER UNTIL ALL THE **BOXES** IN **PANEL 1** HAVE BEEN COPIED INTO THE PROPER **BOXES** IN **PANEL 2**. **PENCIL READY?** LET'S FIND OUT WHAT A "GLIPPETY-GLEEPS" LOOKS LIKE!

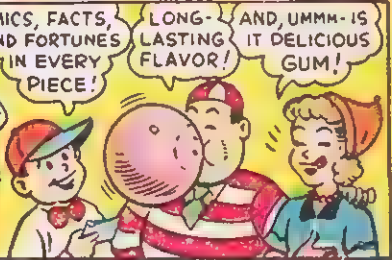
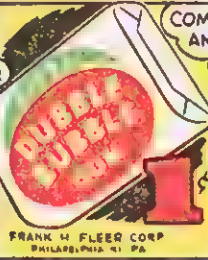
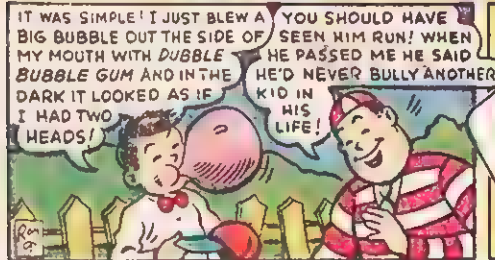
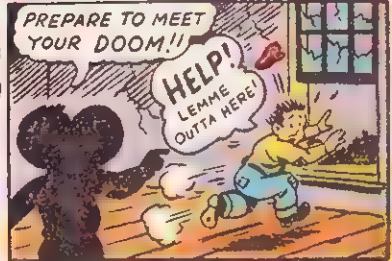
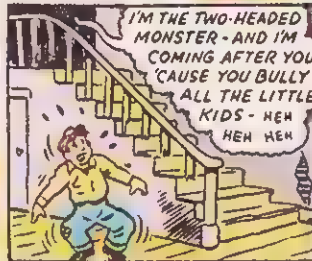
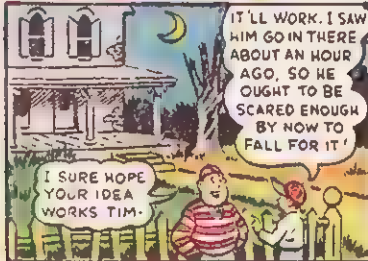
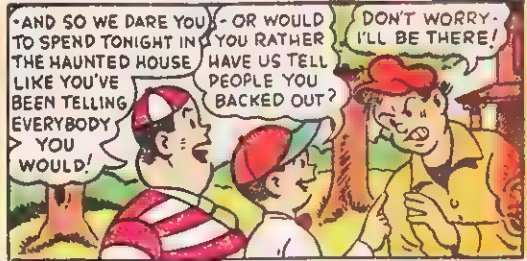
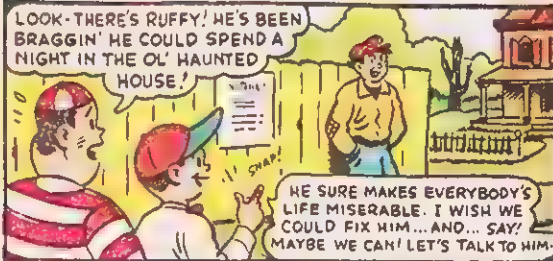




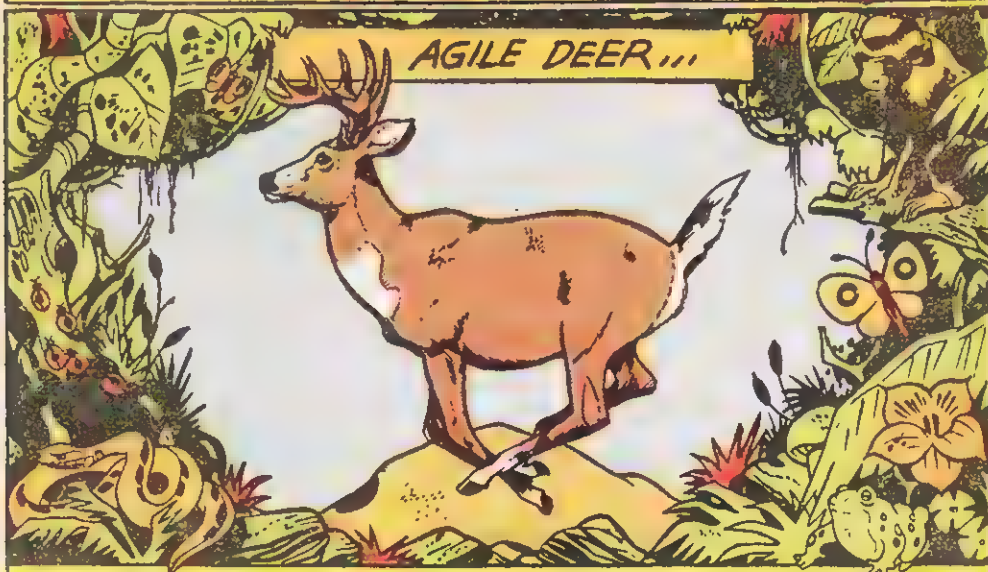




ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS



Let's go HUNTING!

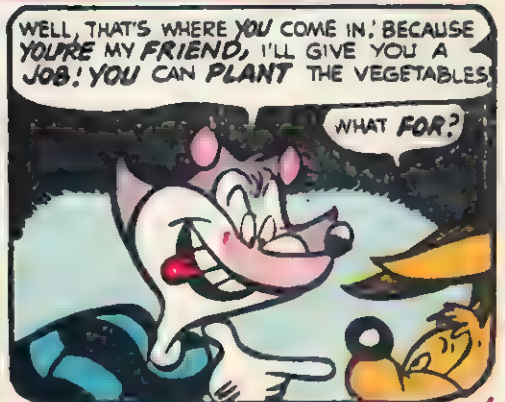
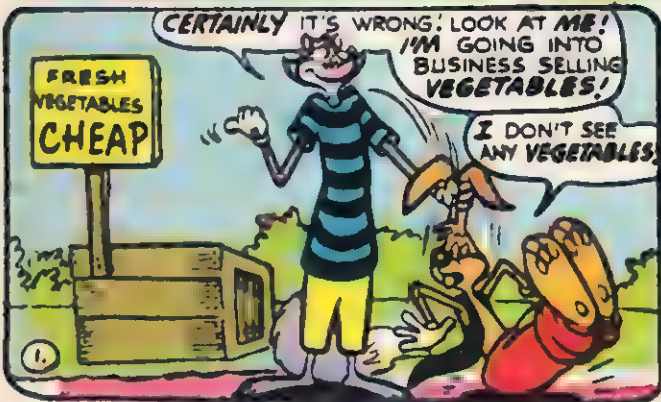
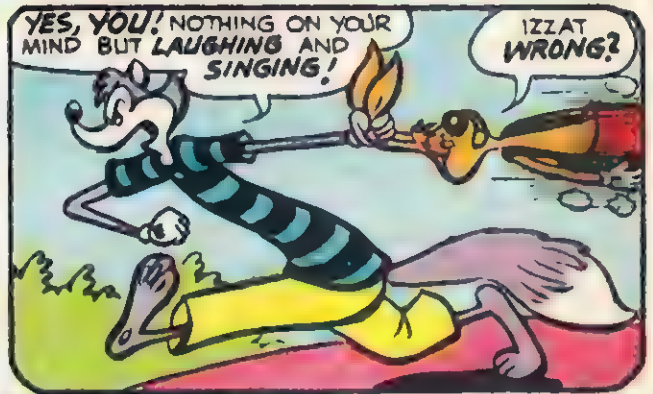
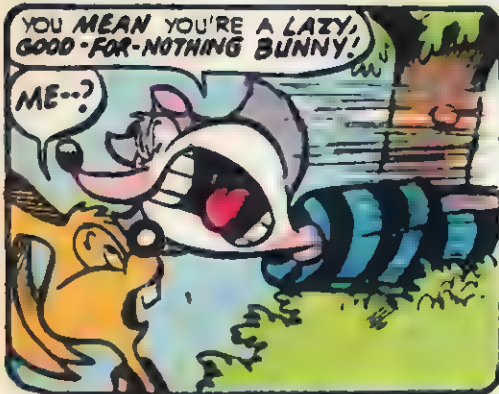


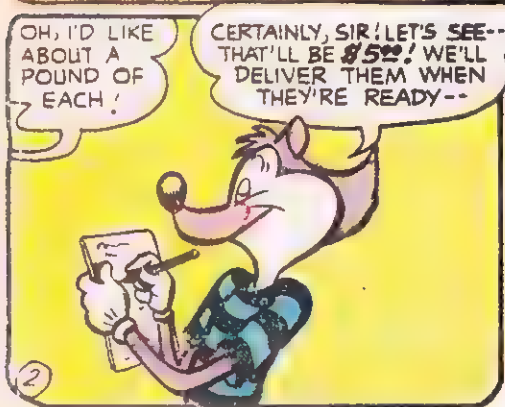
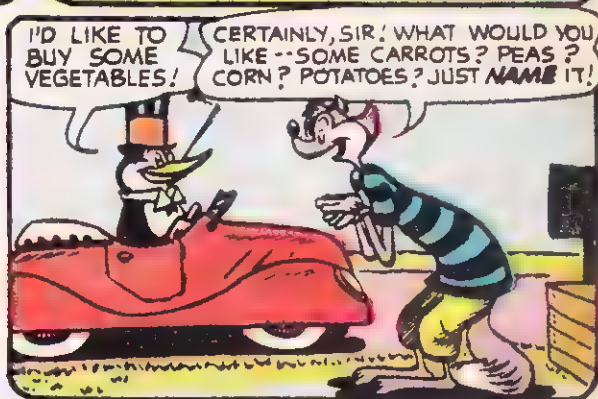
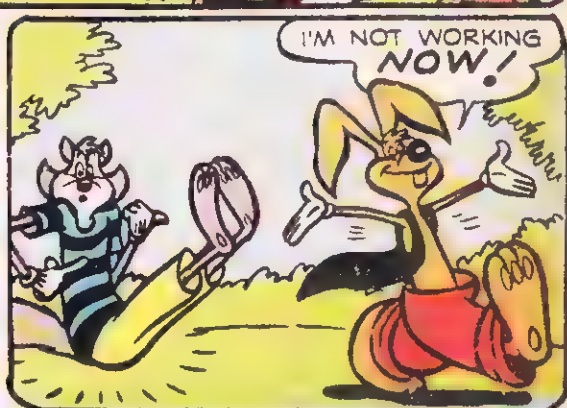
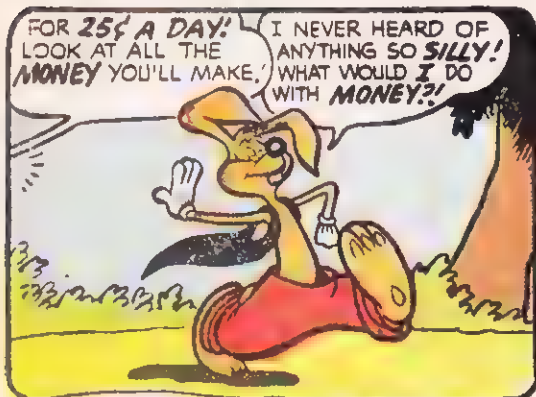
HOW MANY FOUR-LETTER WORDS CAN YOU SPELL, USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN "AGILE DEER"? ... 15 MINUTES IS ALLOTTED FOR THE HUNT. YOU CAN COMPETE WITH FRIENDS OR TRY IT ALONE. 12 WORDS ARE LISTED BELOW.

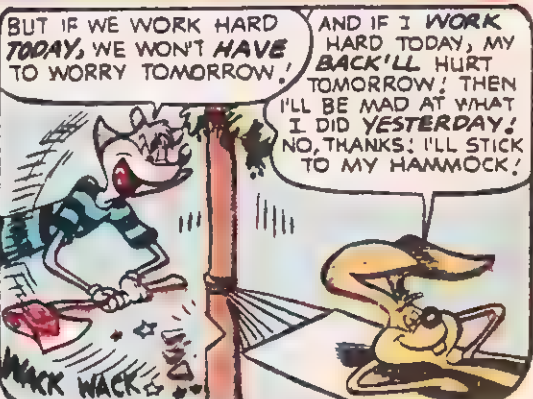
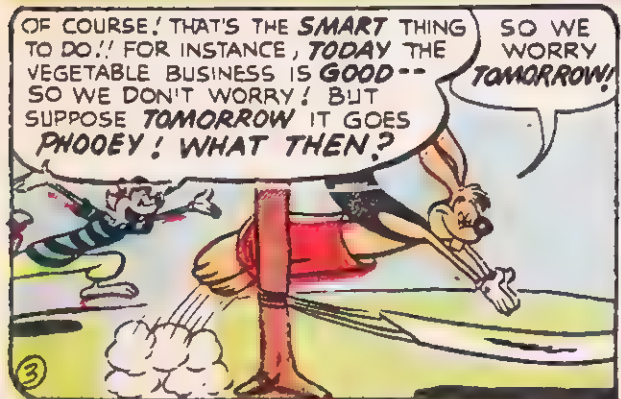
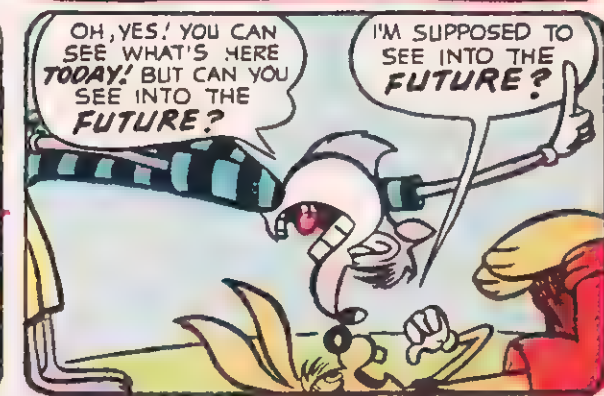
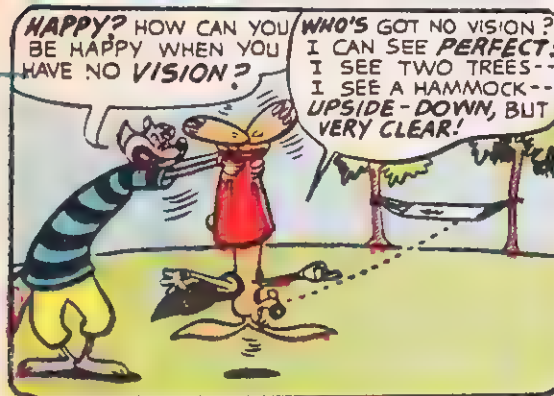
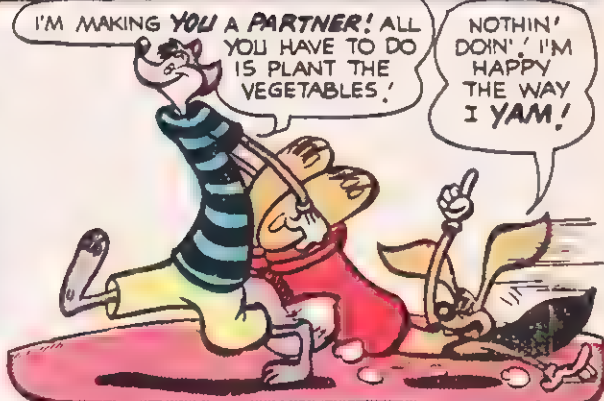
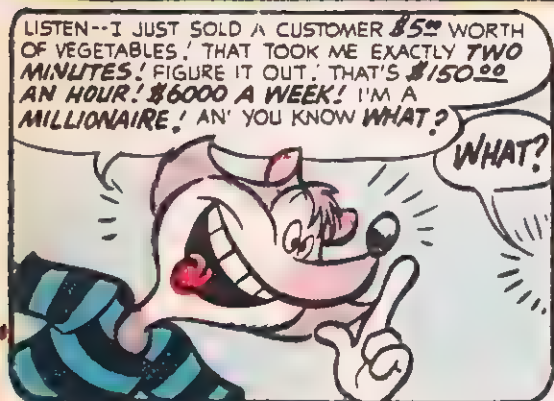
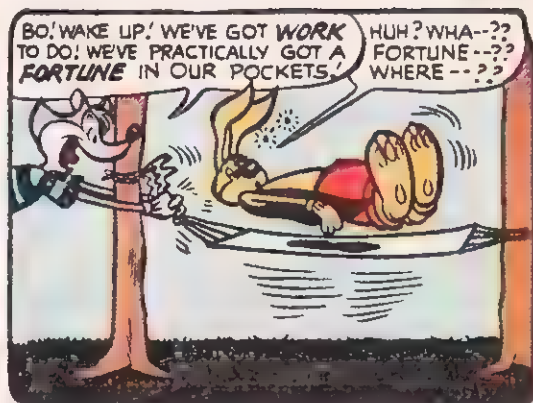
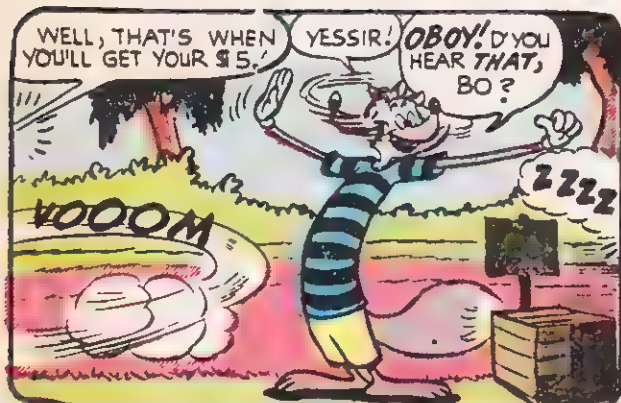
Can you find more?

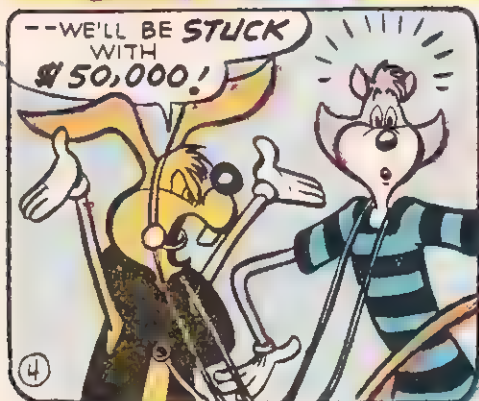
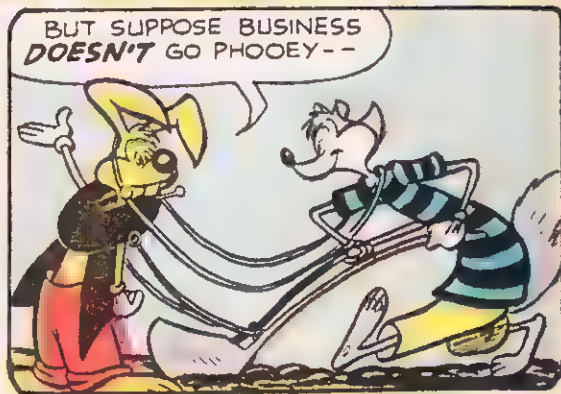
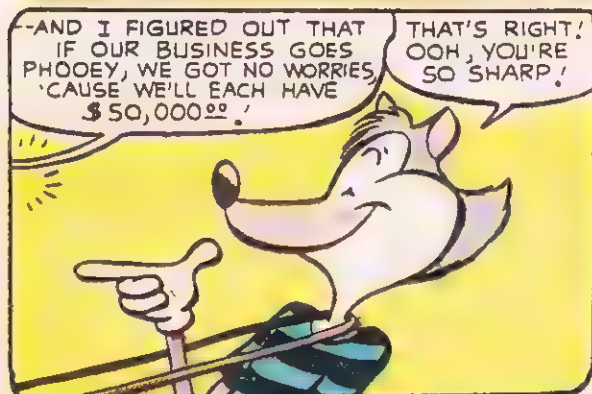
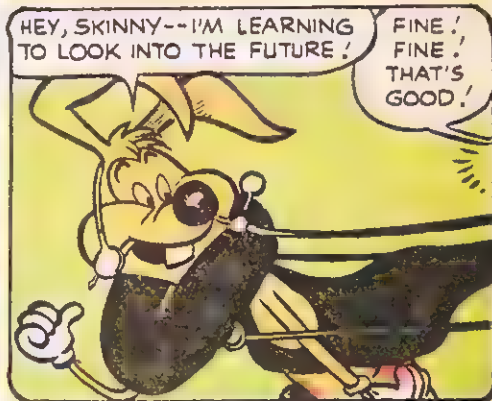
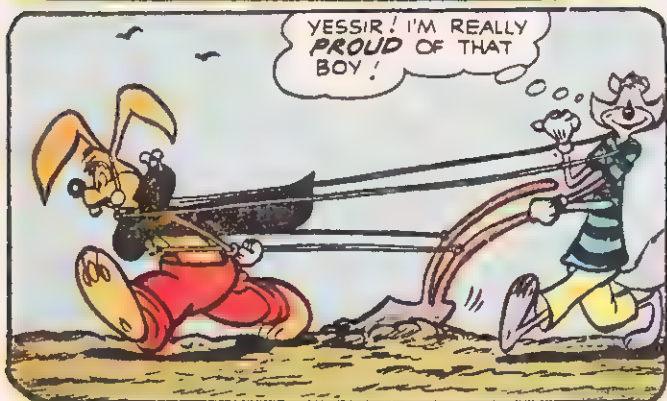
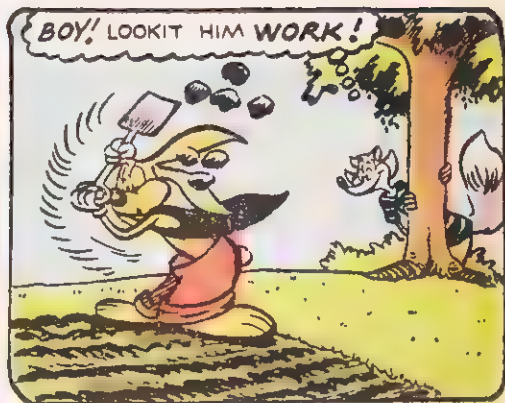
No Peeking!

RAGE DEAL REEL GRID REED REAL DIAL LAID LEAD RAID GLAD LARD







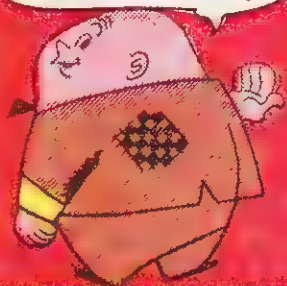




fun Shop

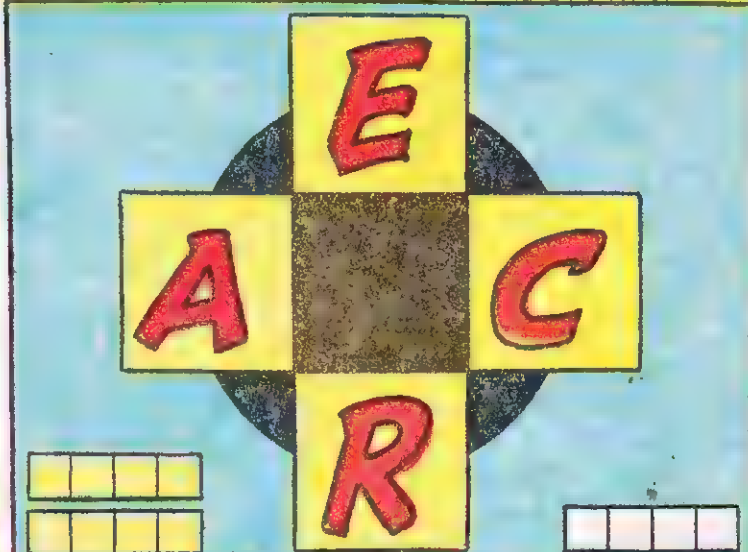
RIDDLE

WHAT MAKES A MAN
BALD-HEADED?



LACK OF HAIR!

CAN YOU SPELL 3 FOUR-LETTER WORDS, USING ALL
FOUR LETTERS IN EACH WORD?

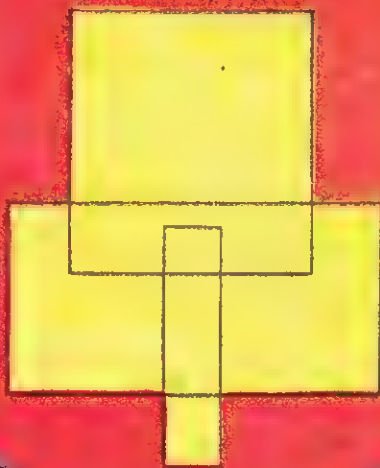


The Answer

CARE - ACRE - RACE

a JUDY JUPITER

Space
Stickler



Solution

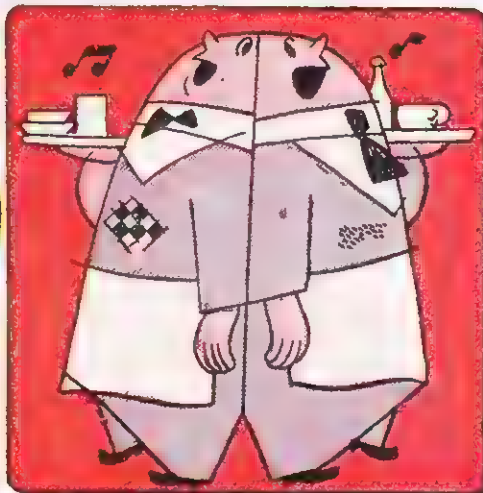


CAN YOU DRAW THIS DESIGN IN ONE CONTINUOUS
PATH WITHOUT CROSSING A LINE OR LIFTING
YOUR PENCIL FROM THE PAPER?



KWIZZLERS

NUMBER
WORDS
QUIZ



**TIME
LIMIT**
10 MINUTES

10 POINTS FOR
EACH CORRECT
ANSWER!



The
ANSWERS

1-A DUET 2-A QUARTER 3-A TRIANGLE
4-AN OCTAVE 5-AN OCTAGON 6-A CENTURY
7-A MILLENNIUM 8-A GROSS 9-SOLD
10-A HEXAGON

TWO PEOPLE SINGING TOGETHER, SING--

Your answer goes here

ONE OUT OF FOUR PARTS IS CALLED --

Your answer goes here

A THREE-SIDED FIGURE IS CALLED--

Your answer goes here

THE EIGHT FULL NOTES OF THE SCALE ARE CALLED--

Your answer goes here

AN EIGHT-SIDED FIGURE IS CALLED--

Your answer goes here

A HUNDRED YEARS IS CALLED--

Your answer goes here

A THOUSAND YEARS IS CALLED--

Your answer goes here

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR IS CALLED--

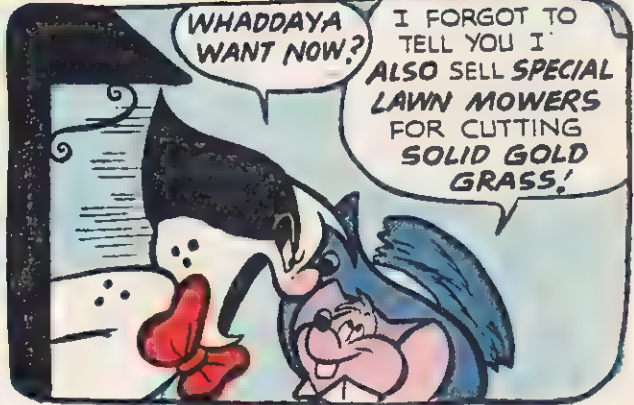
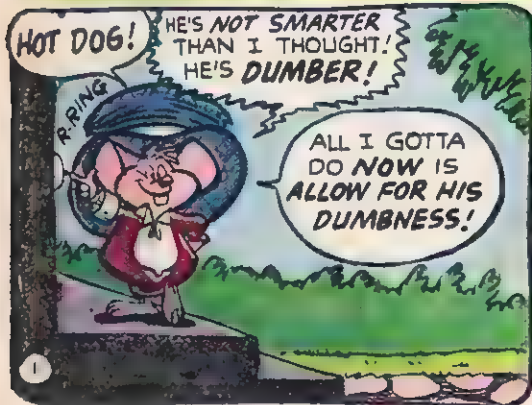
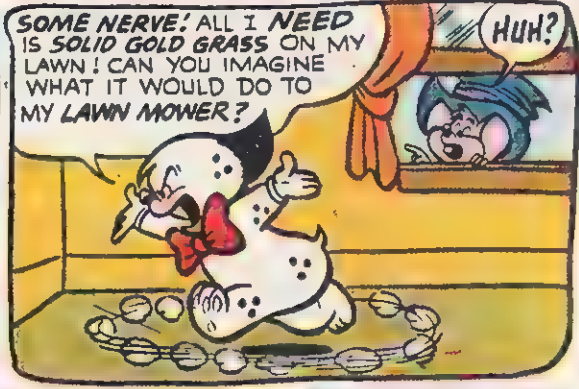
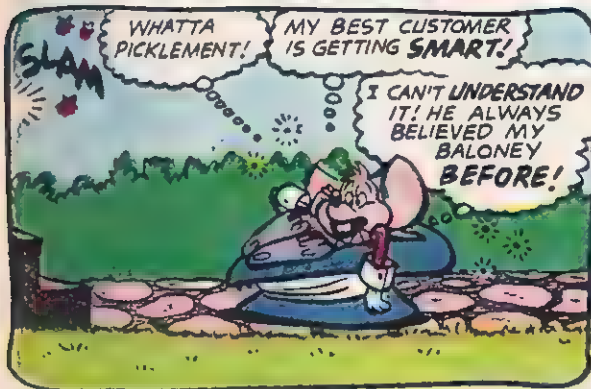
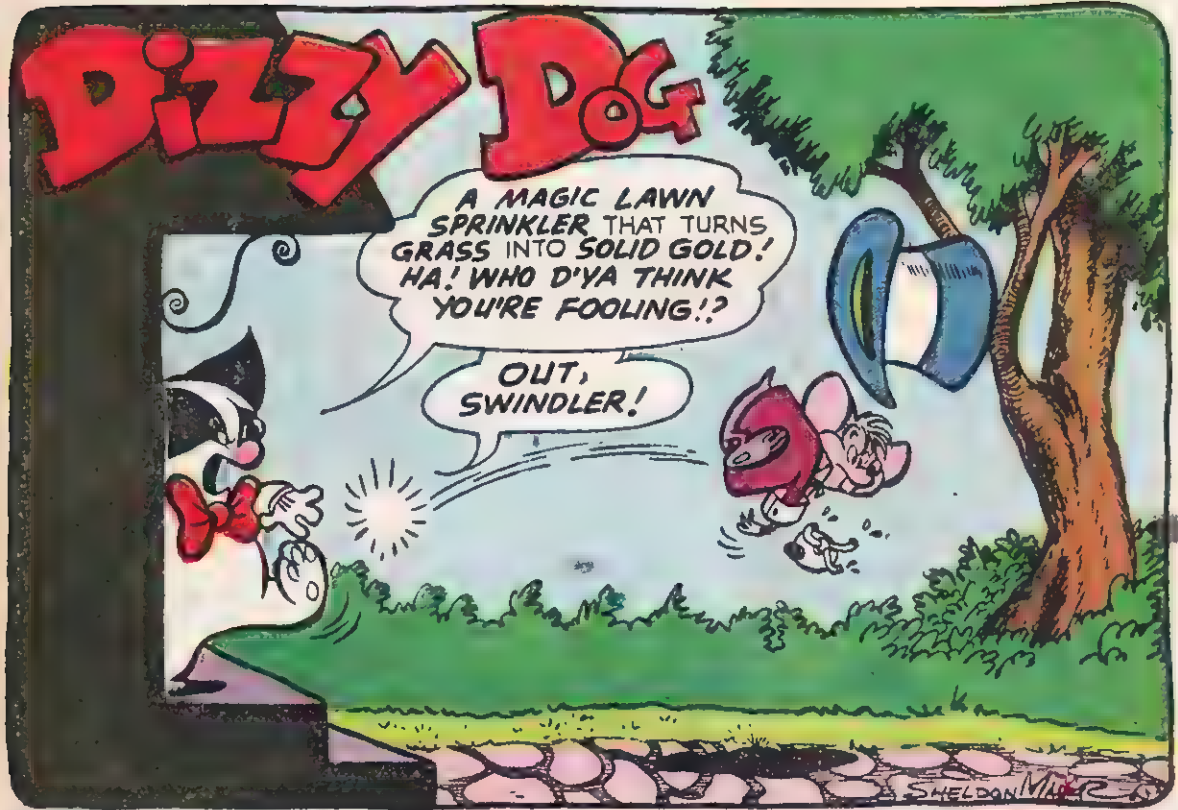
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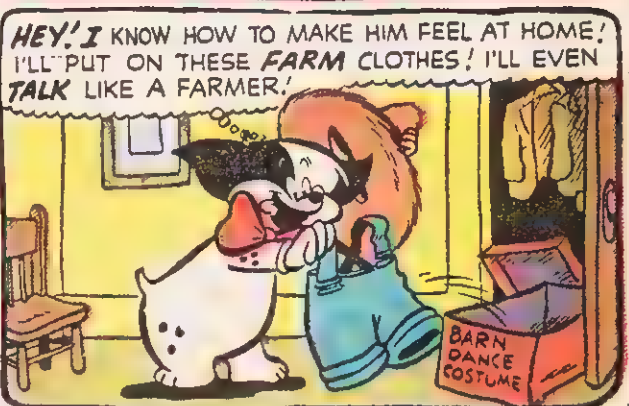
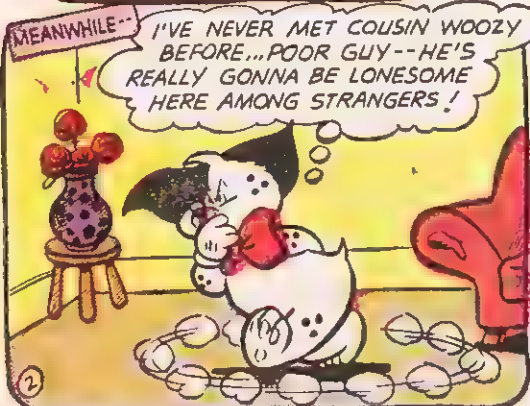
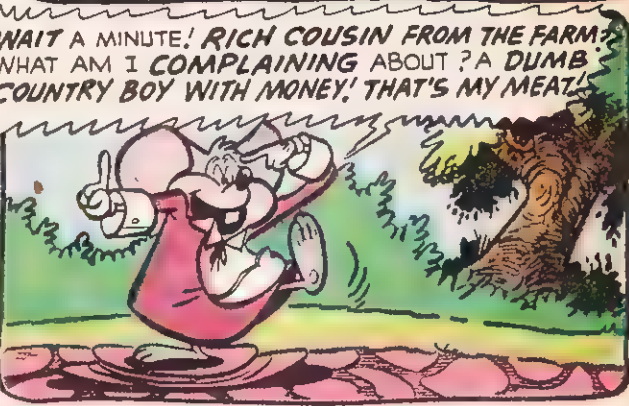
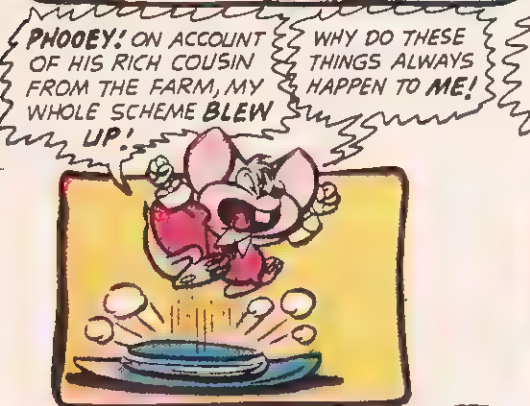
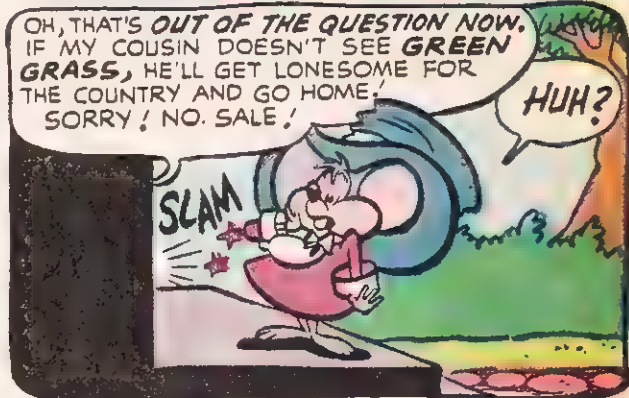
WHEN AN AVIATOR FLIES ALONE, HE FLIES--

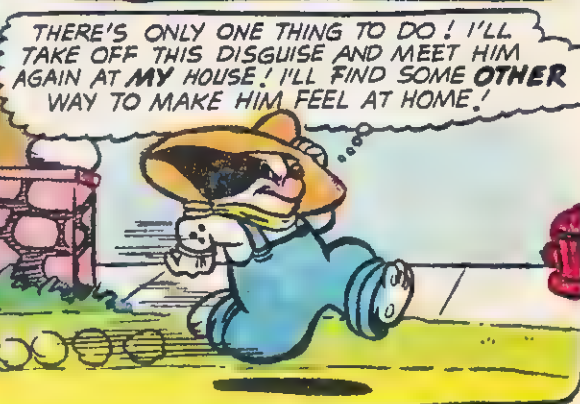
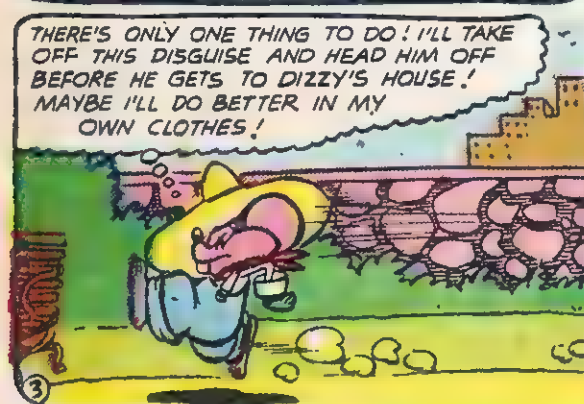
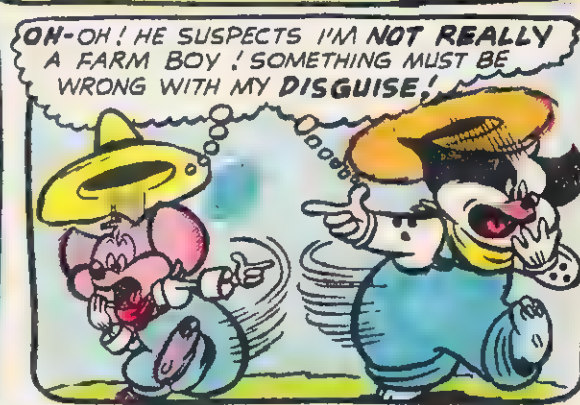
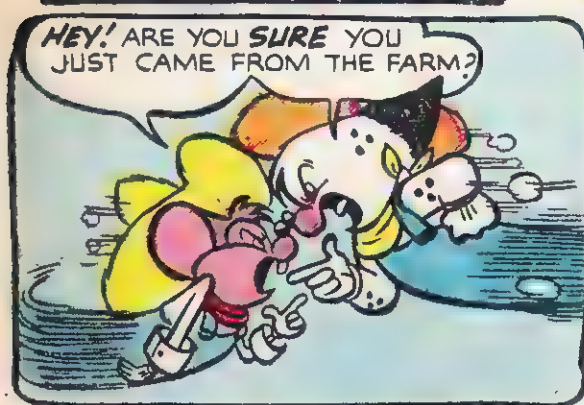
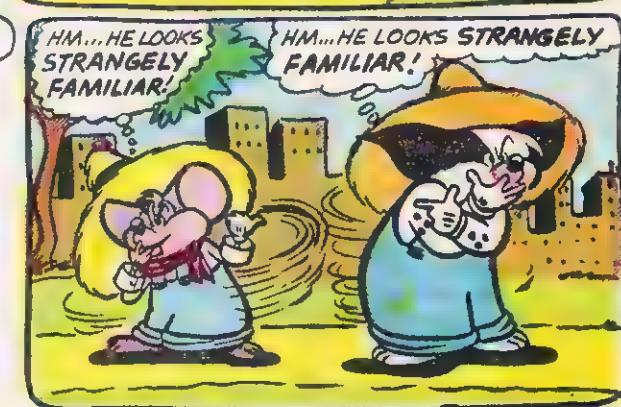
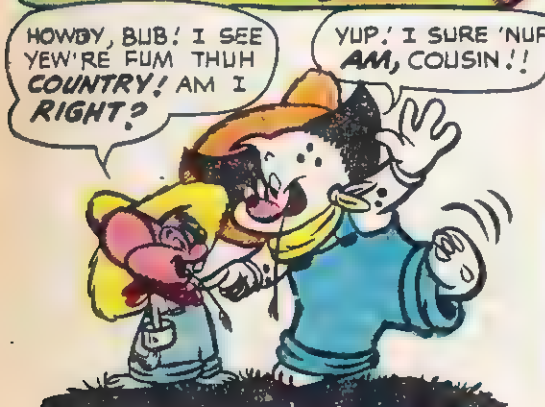
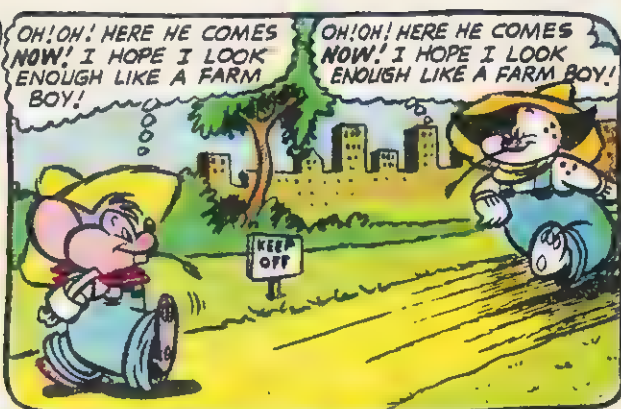
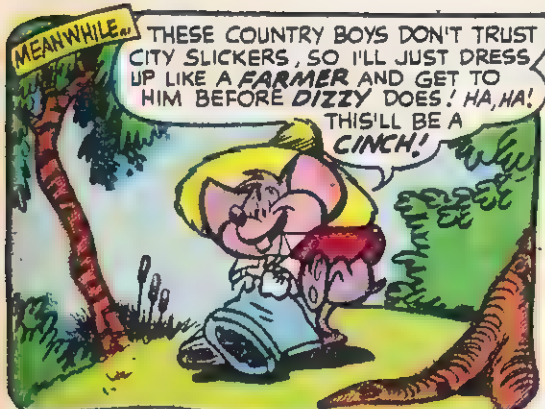
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A FIGURE WITH SIX EQUAL SIDES IS CALLED--

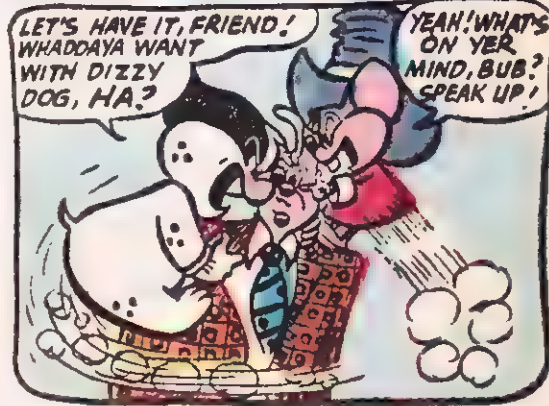
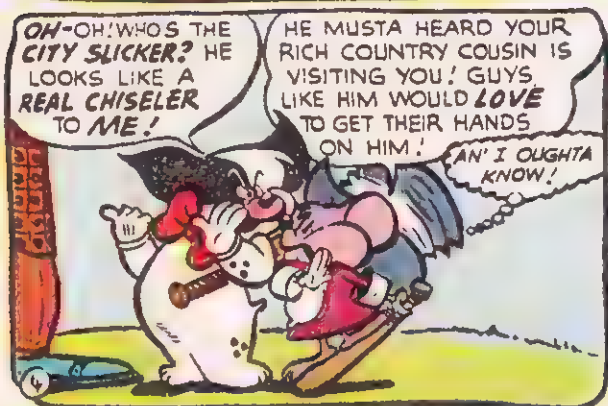
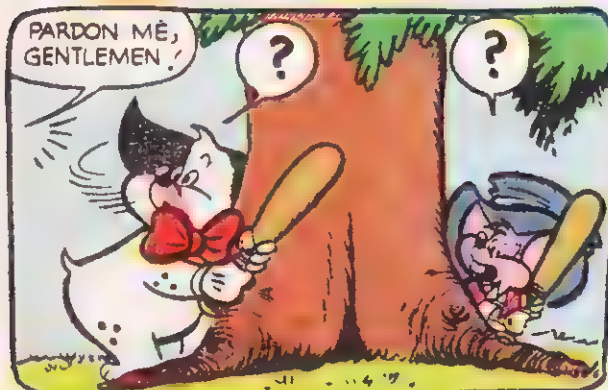
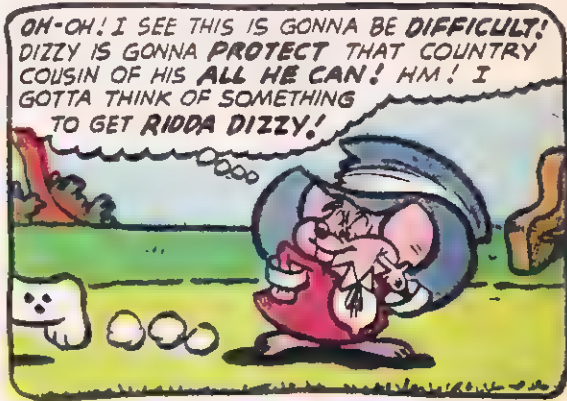
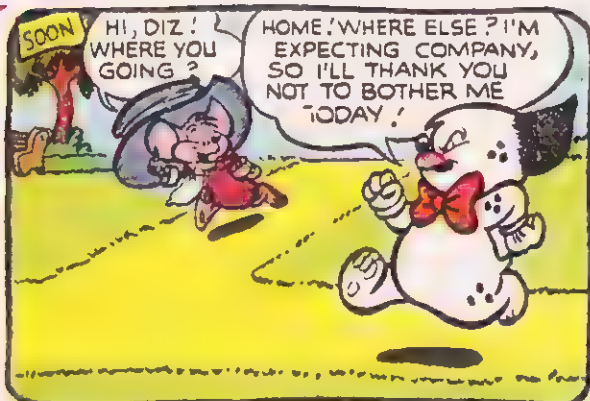
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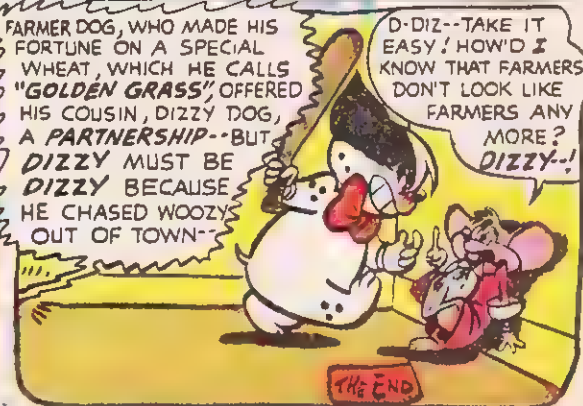
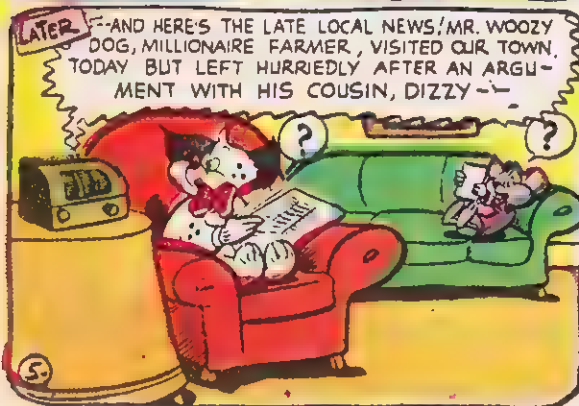
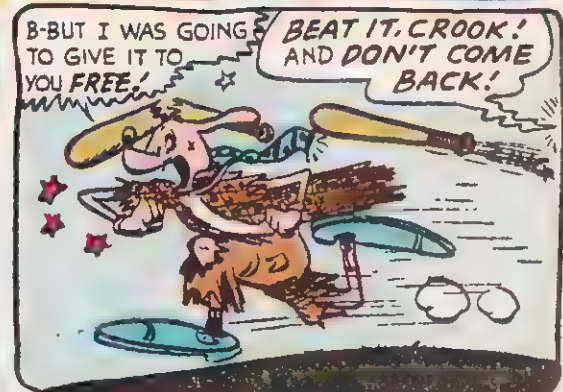
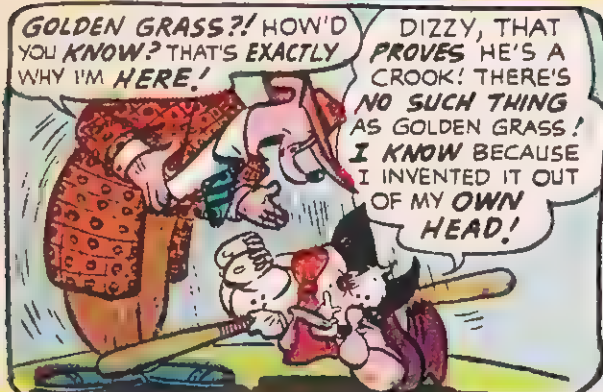
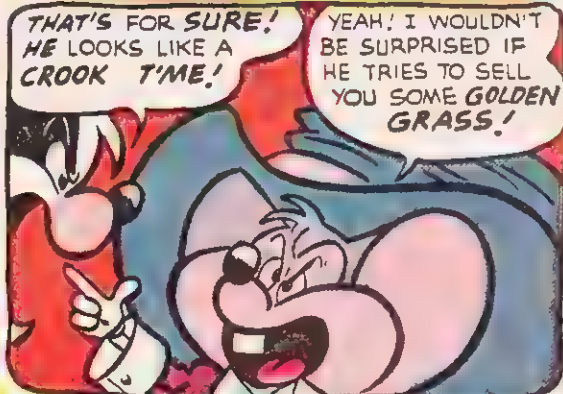
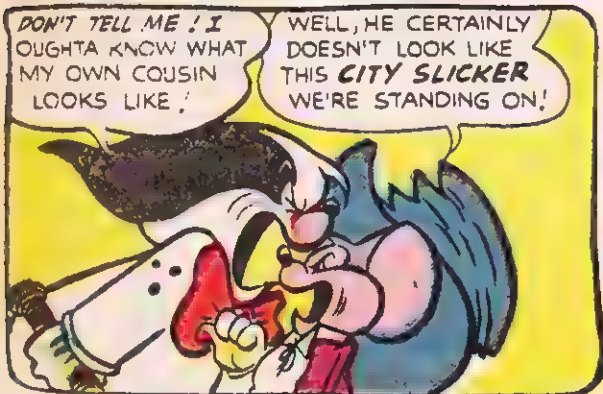
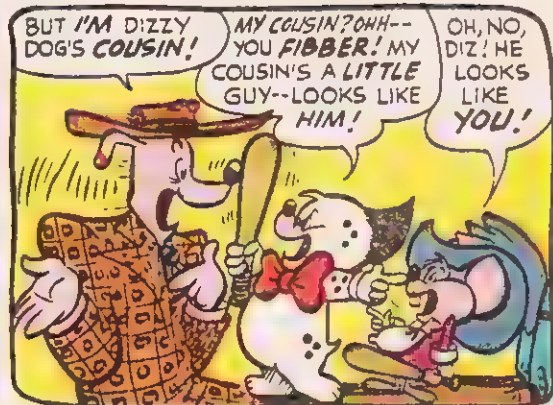
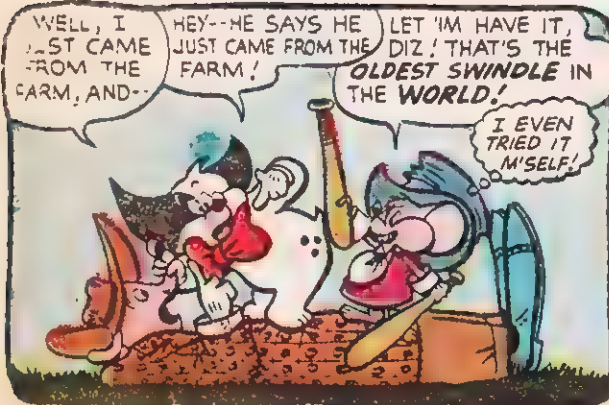






LEADING SCREEN COMICS





THE CAGEY SQUIRREL



"OH, dear me," sighed Simon Squirrel. "Where *can* they be?"

He wandered in and out of the forest paths, sighing and blinking back his tears. Simon had done a very silly thing. He had *forgotten* where his chestnuts were stored.

"Let me see," he murmured to himself, as he poked about in a pile of leaves. "Let me see. Last fall I collected all those chestnuts—why, hundreds 'n hundreds of 'em—and stored 'em away. I remember . . . I . . . I . . . walked south to hide them near the sycamore trees . . . didn't I? Or *did* I? Maybe that was the autumn before last. No, *now* I recall. I hid them between the bottom boulders of that old stone wall. I'm *almost positive!*"

Simon Squirrel smiled as he hurried over to the old stone wall. But when he poked around between the bottom boulders, no batch of chestnuts did he find.

"I must have *dreamed* I stored them here," he said aloud . . . and he tried very hard not to cry, for it was the middle of winter and he was *ever* so hungry.

Suddenly a voice laughed, "Is *this* what you're looking for?"

Simon whirled around. There at his elbow was squatting a grinning gopher. He held up something small in his hand.

"A *chestnut!*" Simon gasped hungrily.

"Where did you *find* it?"

"Right there where you're standing, bud," the gopher replied. "Between the two bottom boulders of that old stone wall. And that's not *all*, bud! I've got hundreds more where this one came from! Yup! I've got a *whole winter's supply!*"

Simon let out a wail. "They're *mine!* Those are *my* chestnuts you stole, gopher."

"I didn't steal anything!" came the angry answer, "and my name's Gordon, if you don't mind, bud, so—"

"Well, my name's not 'bud.' I'm Simon Squirrel and I sure do call it stealing when you take something that belongs to somebody else!"

But Gordon just answered that he'd simply found the chestnuts before Simon had. Therefore he claimed they were rightfully *his*. And he added that Simon had been pretty stupid to store them right where any gopher with half a brain in his head could easily come across them.

"I'm not interested in *how* much brain your head contains," Simon said coolly. "I'm only interested in how much food my tummy's going to have the rest of this winter. I worked hard collecting those chestnuts last fall. I deserve to have them now, whether or not you happened to find them."

"Nuts to you!" sneered Gordon Gopher.

"Chestnuts to you, that is! Ha ha ha!"

Down he sat upon a clump of moss. The chestnuts were spread out around him. They looked so luscious that Simon's tummy did a flip-flop of anxiety. Gordon Gopher smacked his lips. Then, with a sneery grin in Simon's direction, he bit into the first chestnut. Simon was utterly miserable as he watched him. But suddenly—

"UGH!" Gordon grunted in disgust. **"AWFUL!"**

Simon watched in amazement as the gopher spat out the first chestnut and then bit into another one. Again he yelped **"UGH!"** and again he spat it out. He tried again. But the third chestnut, too, made him go **"UGH! AWFUL!"** and the fourth and the fifth. Gordon gave up on the sixth.

"The whole batch of 'em are rotten!" he moaned. **"A couple of hundred chestnuts—and none of 'em are any good!"** Angrily he got up and stamped on the chestnuts. Sure enough, all of them squashed easily beneath his feet. They were rotten to the core!

"This is some sort of trick of yours, eh?" shouted Gordon at Simon. He shook his fist under Simon's chin. **"Try to put one over on me, you think, huh? I'm going to flatten you just the way I flattened those chestnuts, bud!"**

All of a sudden a voice called to them from the tree above them. **"The squirrel is innocent, Mr. Gopher. If any trick has been played, I played it. But I prefer to call it a 'good deed'."**

Simon and Gordon looked up. There on the branch of the oak sat a big hawk. They listened as the hawk explained:

"Early this winter I was skipping beside that old stone wall when I barely escaped being the victim of a horrible accident. A bottom boulder was loose. Out it tumbled, almost crushing me beneath it. I escaped in the nick of time, but not before I was almost completely covered up by a heavy shower of chestnuts! When I saw them all

over the ground, hundreds spilled hither and thither, I knew I had discovered somebody's hiding place for his winter store of food. I saw that *here* was my chance to prove that hawks, too, can be decent fellows, rumor to the contrary."

Simon thought the hawk talked like a professor or something. But he liked him even if his words *were* a bit confusing.

"I picked up those fine juicy chestnuts one by one," continued the hawk, **"and brought them up here to my hole in the tree-trunk. I knew some good industrious fellow must have spent a lot of time and effort storing them in the wall, so I saved them all this time for their rightful owner. Simon Squirrel, I overheard your conversation down there. Come up. The nuts are yours!"**

Gordon Gopher screeched, **"But . . . but . . . what about these?"** And he pointed to the squashed, rotten chestnuts at his feet.

"Oh, those," the hawk said. He smiled and reached out a claw to Simon, who was climbing up next to him on the branch. **"I found them strewn around near the brook. I put them back behind the boulder just to fool people like you."**

"What do you mean—people like me?"

"People who take what doesn't belong to them. Maybe what you did is not the kind of burglary that you could be arrested and put in jail for. But it's the kind of burglary that should make you feel just as rotten inside yourself as those chestnuts are!"

Gordon Gopher looked away from the hawk's stern professor-type face. He looked away from the sight of Simon Squirrel, counting out three-hundred-and-seventeen delicious chestnuts up there on the branch. Gordon Gopher went slinking away into the woods.

And high in a tree, a squirrel and a hawk sat side by side, sharing the kind of a meal that was a *feast* and a *picnic* at the same time.



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-GETS A BIG BANG

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HILARIOUS

ADVENTURES OF

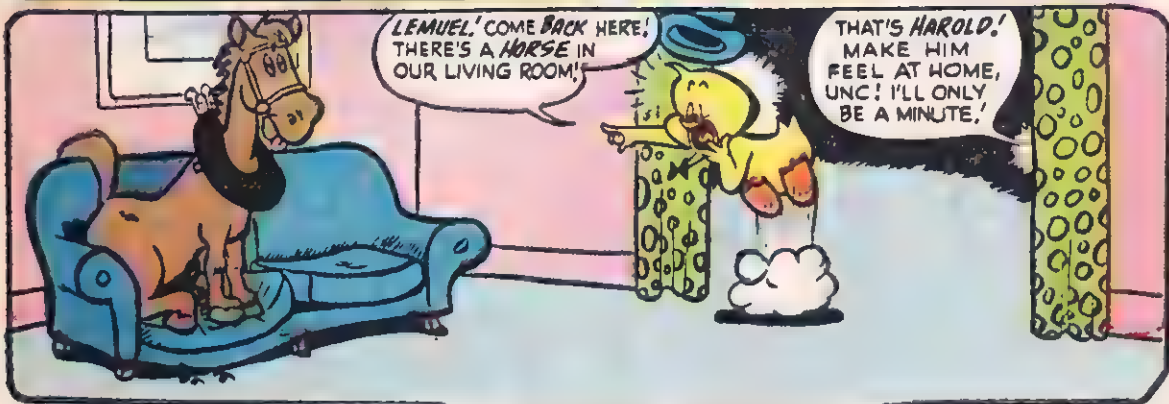
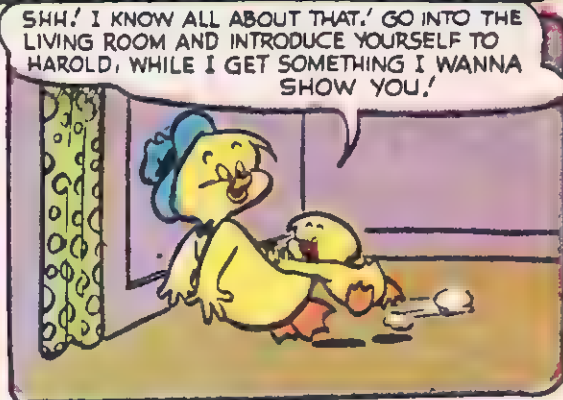
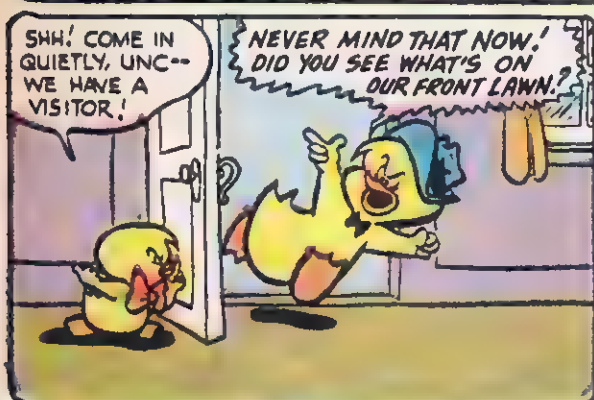
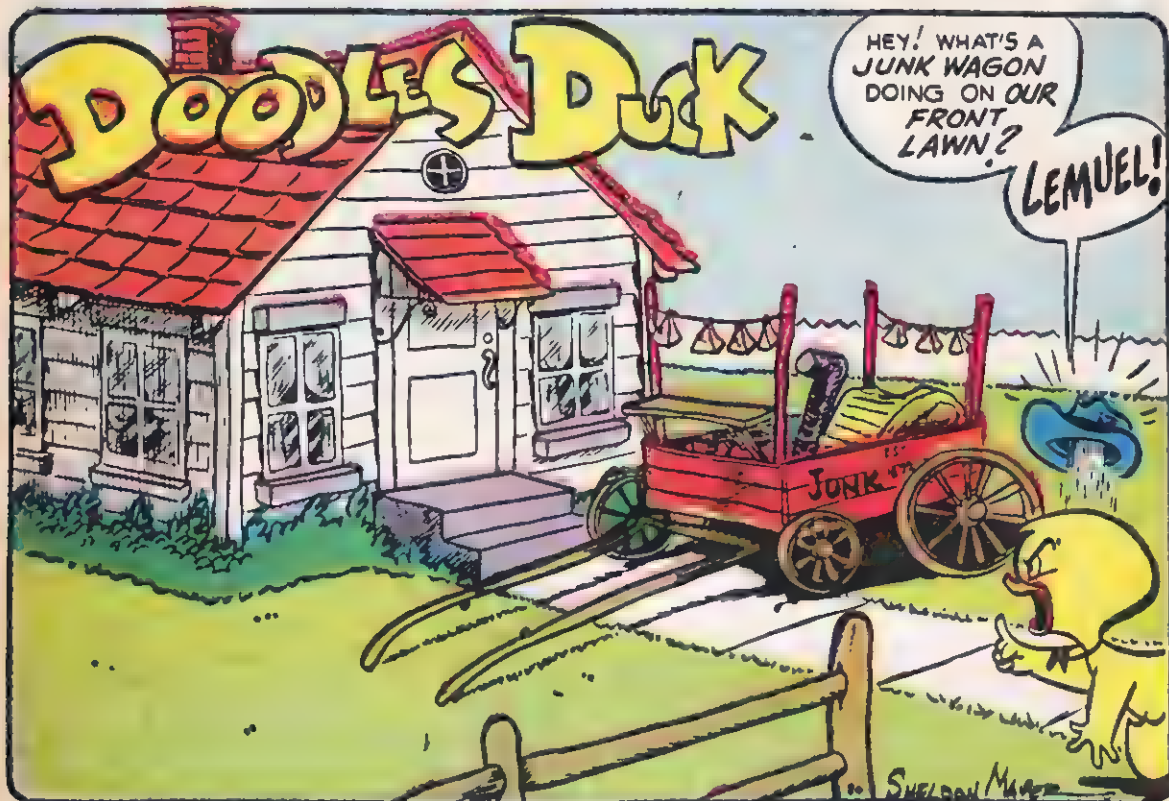
PETER PORKCHOPS

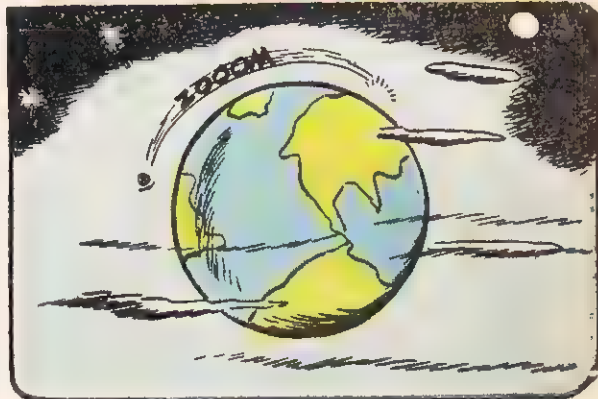
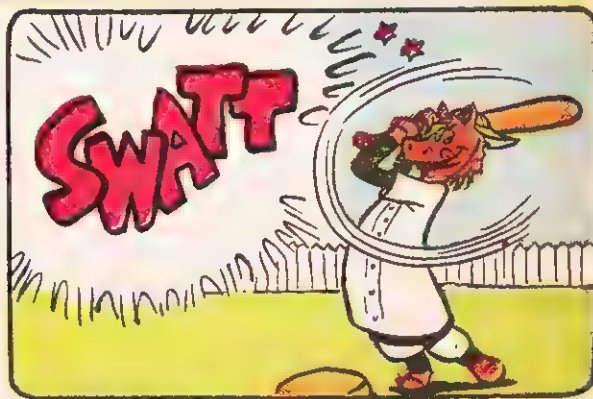
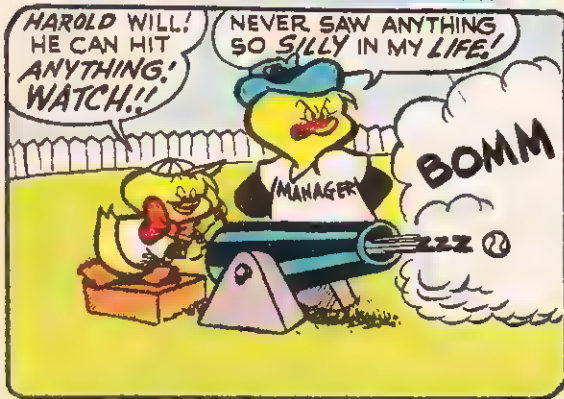
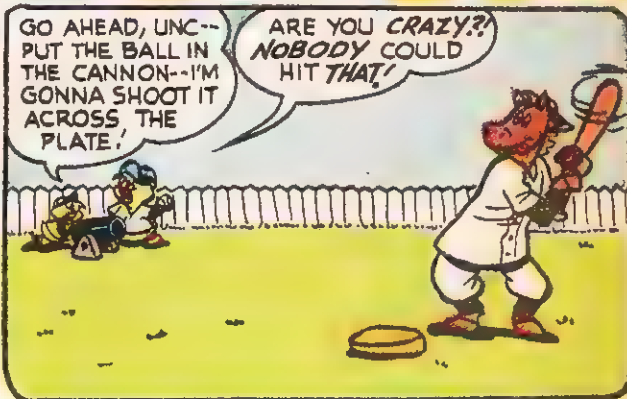
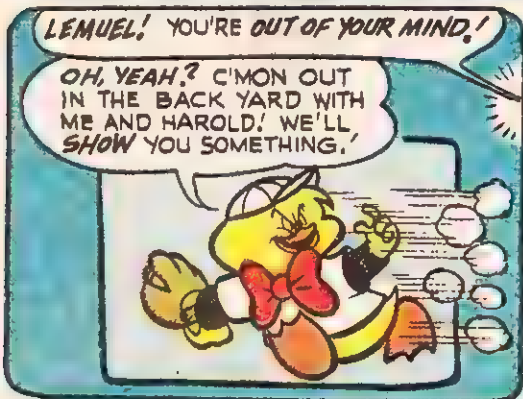
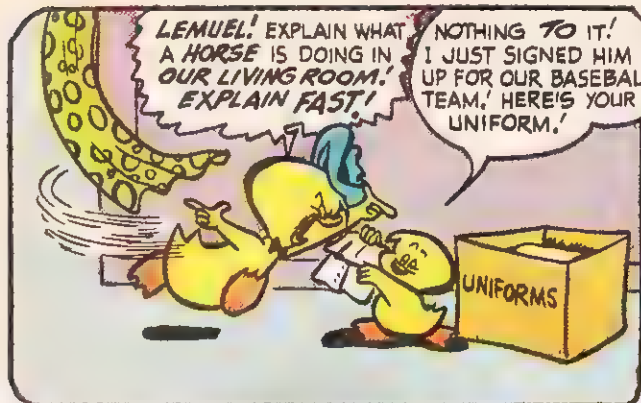
AS HE TRIES TO
OUTWIT HIS
FAVORITE FOE,
THE FIERCE AND
FEROCIOUS WOLF!

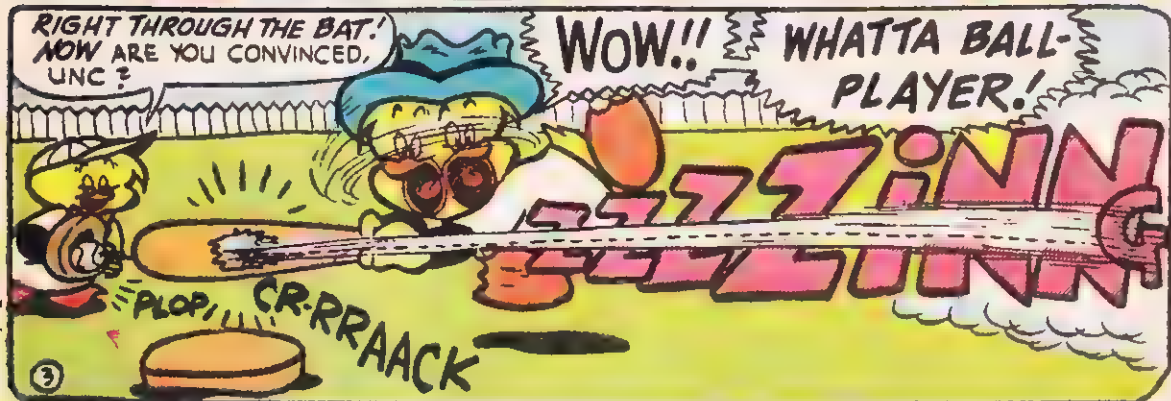
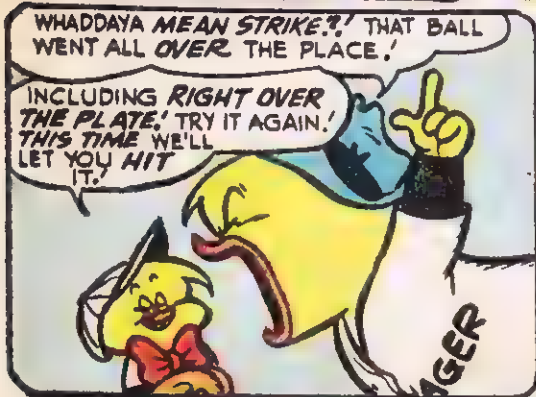
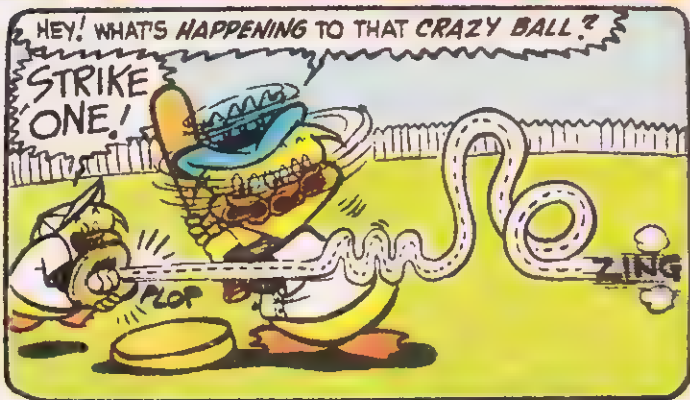
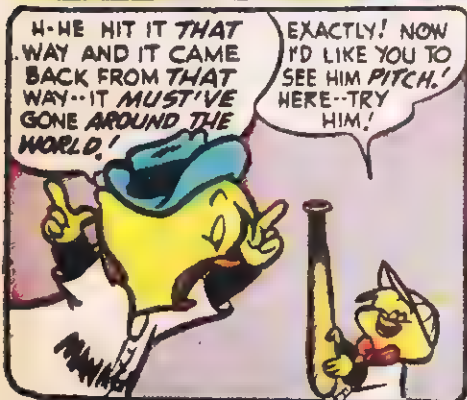
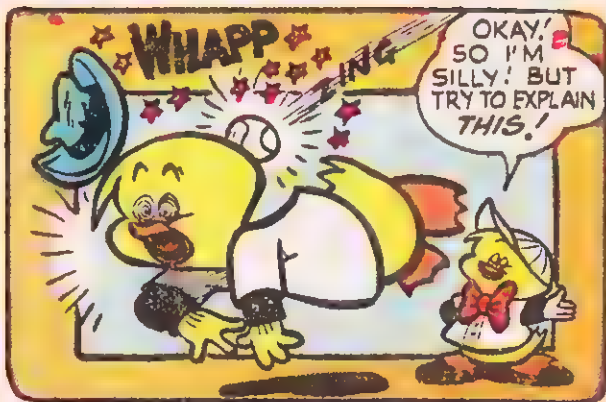


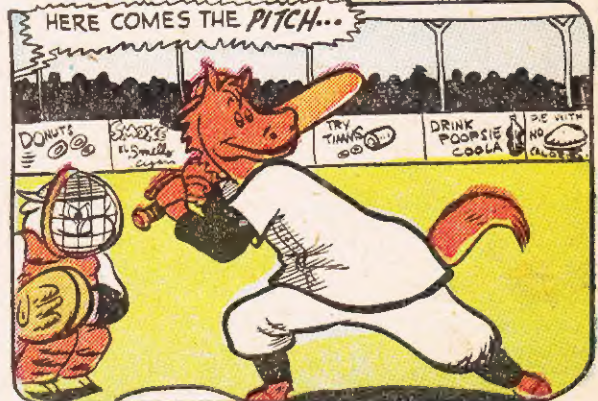
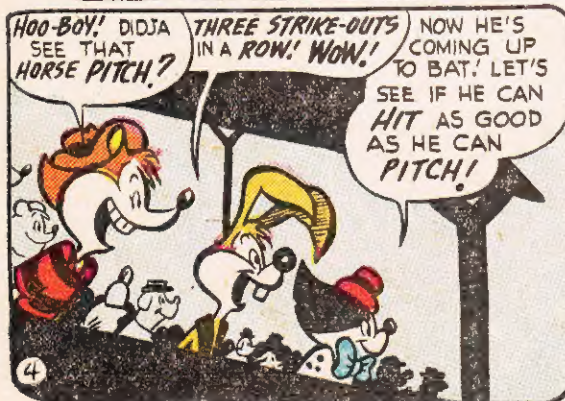
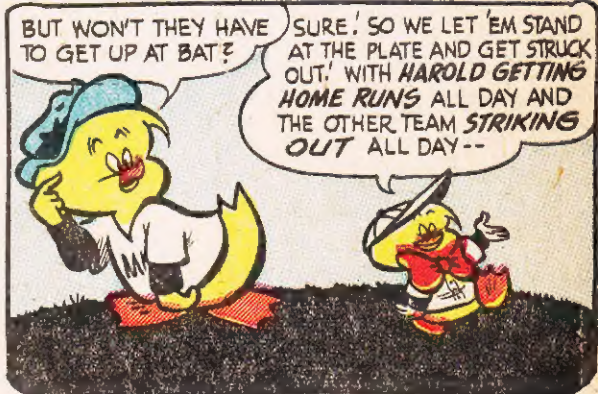
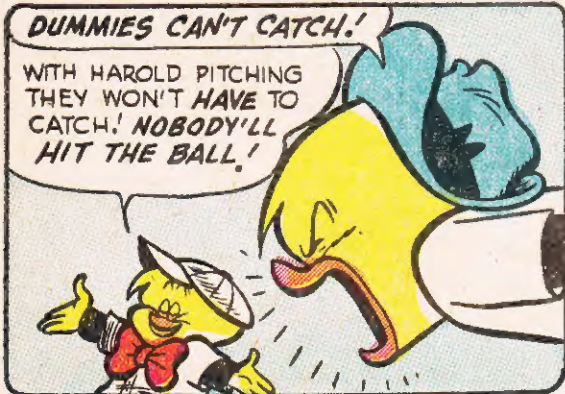
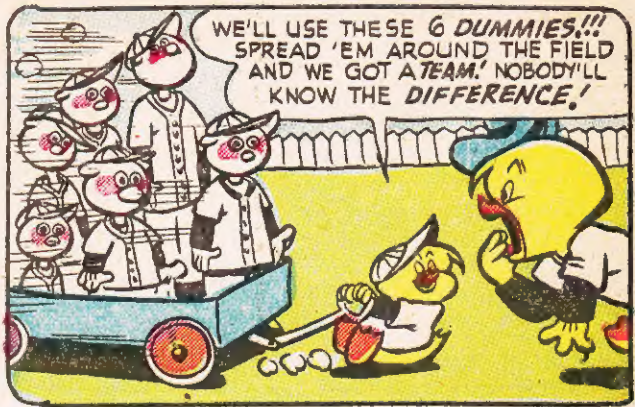
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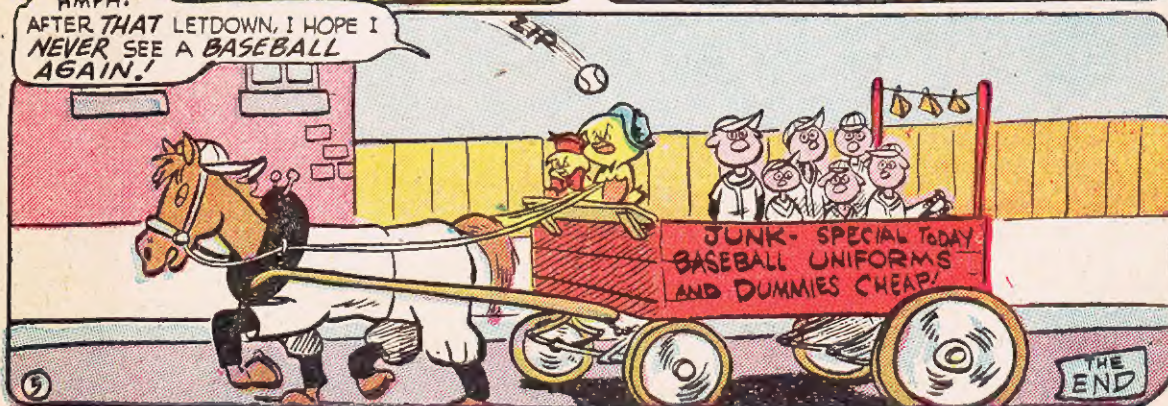
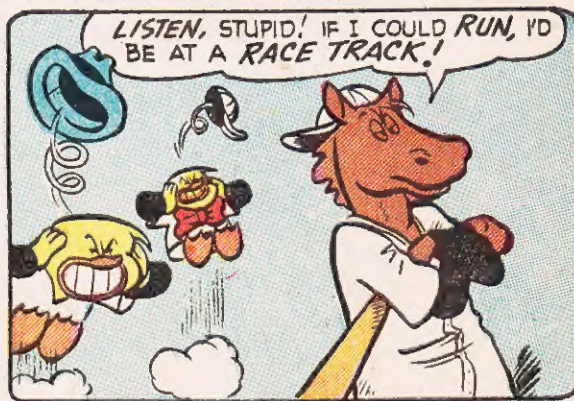
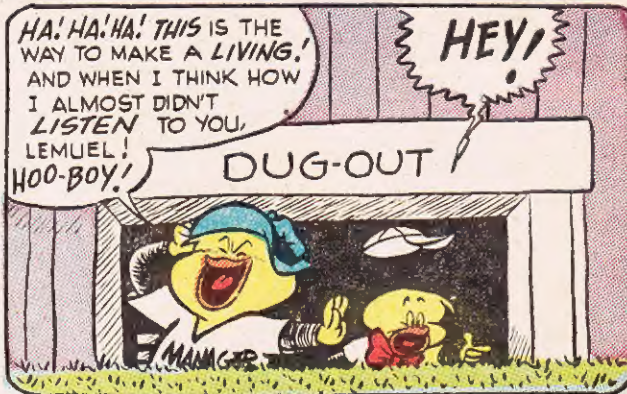
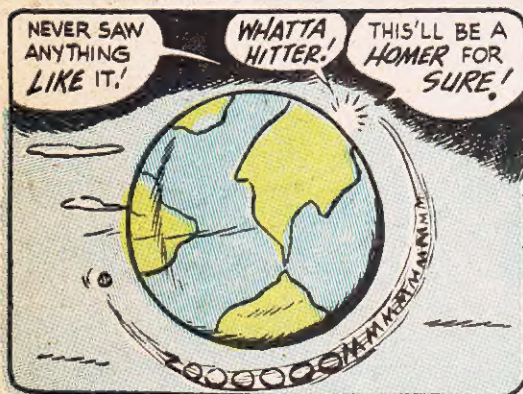
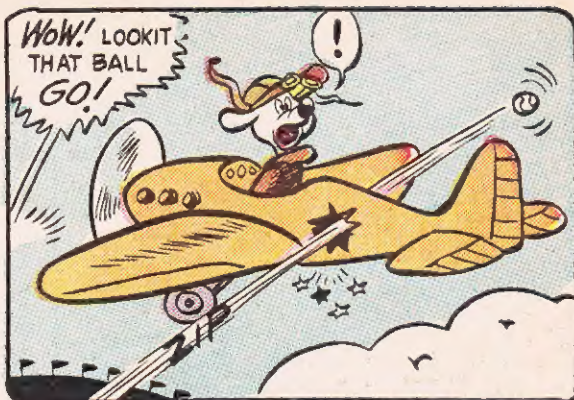
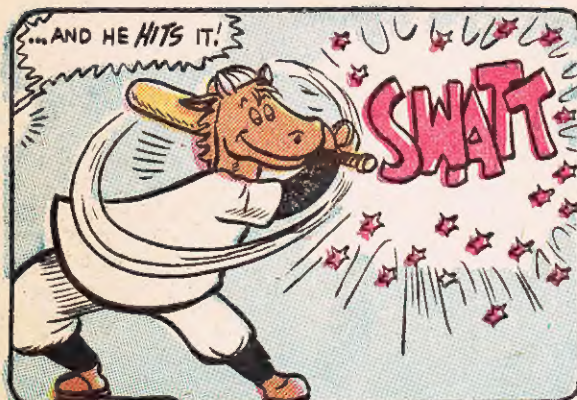
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R. HIRSCH
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